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DECEMBER 31, 1984

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TIME

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COVER: With *A Passage to India*, an old master has a new triumph

54

There are stunning images—echoes upon visual echoes—in this brilliantly acted film version of E.M. Forster's novel. Directing his first movie in 14 years, Britain's formidable David Lean proves that he has lost none of the poetic skills that produced such critically underrated classics as *Lawrence of Arabia* and *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. See CINEMA.



NATION: The Pentagon wins a round in the budget wars

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Ronald Reagan sides with Weinberger against Stockman and the budget cutters, but Congress seems sure to take a hefty whack. ▶ A Pentagon effort to keep secrets in space backfires. ▶ Texas, Washington and Nevada are uneasy winners in the competition to choose nuclear-waste sites. ▶ As UNESCO moves left, the U.S. moves out. ▶ Powerbrokering on the Washington party circuit.



IMAGES: An arresting gallery of elections, Olympics and more

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An exuberant President barreling toward an overwhelming vote of confidence, athletes triumphant and despondent, assassins and bomb throwers, a famine in Ethiopia and a manmade disaster in India, a stroll in space and a probe into a human chest—these are only some of the subjects of a 24-page look at 1984. Included are farewells to 21 of the world's best-known people.



18 World

The British are fascinated with "the Russian bloke," Mikhail Gorbachev. ▶ Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov dies at 76.

67 Art

Leon Golub, whose huge canvases document power and torture, has become the leading engaged of American painting.

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Evidence mounts that the doldrums are coming to an end. ▶ Corks pop for champagne makers. ▶ The end of a Japanese monopoly.

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The *Collected Stories* of Nobel Laureate Gabriel Garcia Márquez assembles fragments of a fabulous world.

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A new biography of Thomas Merton shows that the century's most celebrated monk sought a balance between prayer and action.

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Science**
A "Christmas comet" is about to be created by a group of scientists studying the heavens. ▶ Spacecraft prepare to meet Halley's comet.

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Cover:
Illustration by
Daniel Maffia

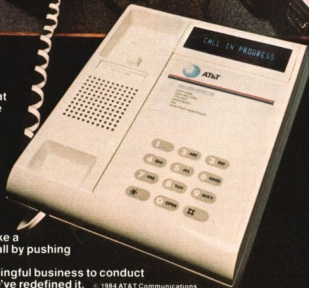
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A Letter from the Publisher

When Show Business Correspondent Denise Worrell called on this week's cover subject, David Lean, she was struck by two things: "The film maker's utter lack of pretension, and his silver-haired, craggy good looks. He has the kind of face that centuries ago was stamped on coins." That face would not have been out of place in a David Lean movie, say *Lawrence of Arabia* or *Doctor Zhivago*. Or, for that matter, this season's hit, *A Passage to India*. But Worrell soon learned that it would not be easy to get to the man behind the face. "Drawing Lean out was like pulling water from a very deep well," she says. "I was at such a loss to get him to talk about his lifelong travels that I finally brought him a large atlas of the world. He touched it, and a light sparked in his eye. He traced a path with his finger from city to city, continent to continent, and named all the places he had ever seen."

TIME correspondents covered some of the same ground in reporting on Lean's 42-year career. New Delhi Bureau Chief Dean Brelis went to Calcutta to interview Victor Banerjee before the actor flew to Los Angeles to join Lean at *Passage's* premiere. Says Brelis: "There was a strong sense of old India. The Banerjee home and garden, in the center of the overcrowded city, is in fact extremely private, surrounded by a high wall." In Sydney, TIME's Tim Dare talked to Actress Judy Davis about Lean's "volatile" directorial style. Reporter John Wright tracked down



Banerjee, Worrell, Lean at *Passage's* premiere

more than a dozen of Lean's past and present colleagues in England, including Peggy Ashcroft and Alec Guinness. In New York City, Reporter-Researcher Elaine Dutka spoke with Producer Sam Spiegel and Director Michael Powell and landed a rare interview with Katharine Hepburn, whose friendship with Lean dates back to their collaboration in the 1955 movie *Summertime*.

The planning for this week's cover story began nearly two years ago, when Contributor Jay Cocks learned that Lean was preparing to return to the screen. "I was immediately interested," says Cocks, who first observed Lean at work in 1969 on the set of *Ryan's Daughter*. "Lean is one of the world's greatest directors, and I was desperate to get a chance to write about him." Last month Cocks flew to London to attend an exclusive screening of the finished movie. He was joined by Senior Editor Martha Duffy, who edited the cover, and Contributor Richard Schickel, who reviewed the film. "I've never written a story for TIME that I've cared more about," says Schickel, a film critic for two decades. "I really wanted to do right by Lean. I found myself almost wanting to write a Valentine to someone whose body of work is as distinguished as any in film today."

John A. Meyer

Small colleges can help you make it big.

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Letters

Broken Hearts

To the Editors:

I was overjoyed and excited by the medical breakthroughs reported in your story, especially the artificial heart [MEDICINE, Dec. 10]. As a 19-year-old, I refuse to accept "the probability of disease, the inevitability of death" or my "duty to die."

Norman Dale Carrico
Bloomington, Ind.

If the cost of providing artificial or transplant hearts for the 50,000 patients who need them is equivalent to that of three Trident submarines, I will do without the Tridents.

Dennis M. Palm
Minneapolis



Not many Americans are likely to make use of an artificial heart in the near future, but there are millions of us this winter who would like to hear about a drug that cures influenza.

Watson Parker
Oshkosh, Wis.

I am a registered nurse with a health-management company involved in auditing hospital bills for insurance carriers. Previously I spent seven years working in an acute-care unit of a nonprofit hospital. From my experience, I can tell you that the waste, misbilling, double billing and unnecessary testing are atrocious. More power to Louisville's Humana Hospital for hiring business professionals who can correct the inefficiencies and institute money-saving methods.

Sarah M. Walsh
Vestal, N.Y.

Six years ago my husband received a kidney transplant. His options at the time were a transplant costing \$30,000, chronic dialysis (which would have cost \$100,000 thus far) or death. If he had not decided to have the transplant, I and our four young children would have received \$100,000 in Social Security benefits through the years. Instead, my husband is a productive, tax-

paying member of society. A \$30,000 transplant has proved to be the economical choice.

Barbara Carson
Morgantown, W. Va.

Technology prolongs dying, and the resources consumed are tremendous. Why can we Americans not accept death honestly and naturally?

Elisabeth M. Greisen
Boston

When my father went through heart valve-replacement surgery, the whole family suffered pain and anxiety along with him. But ask any one of us if we would be willing to go through the experience again, and we all, including my father, will say yes.

Theresa M. Mueller
New York City

Nonprofit hospitals should consider adopting the corporate approach to controlling expenditures. I am not suggesting that all medical institutions should make a profit, but perhaps cost containment through consortium development would provide an effective alternative to escalating health-care costs.

Kathleen K. Borenstein
Rahway, N.J.

I was strongly opposed to the idea of profit-making medical conglomerates until I read your article. But if conglomerates are what it takes to bring America's doctors to heel, I am for them.

James F. Carrigan
Portsmouth, N.H.

Sharon vs. TIME

General Ariel Sharon's libel suit against TIME [PRESS, Nov. 26] puts at stake the freedom of the press and the right of Americans to be fully informed. If news that is honestly gathered can be suppressed by the threat of a libel suit by a public figure, the press is gagged.

William S. Verplanck
Knoxville

You have heaped upon Sharon, an illustrious field commander and visionary leader, scorn, calumny and apparent libel. In the process you have also denigrated Israel and unjustifiably questioned its moral standards.

Raphael Israeli
Cambridge, Mass.

Sharon contends that the TIME statements suggest he encouraged the murders at the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps and that TIME injured his political reputation. Is Sharon trying to enhance his political reputation, or earn a quick \$50 million?

Brian Manwaring
Rexburg, Idaho

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Letters

Future Foreign Policy

Henry Grunwald's discussion of foreign policy during the second Reagan Administration [ESSAY, Dec. 10] centers on how to deal with the Soviets and the alternative approaches between the leftist view of being conciliatory and the rightist of being coercive, or some blend of the two. But there is another way of dealing with the U.S.S.R., and that is to strengthen the United Nations so that East-West conflicts can be resolved on some basis other than bilateral negotiations with threats of force in the background.

*Ronald J. Glossop
Jennings, Mo.*

Your Essay suggests the U.S. should placate the Soviets by forsaking Afghanistan. We know the Soviets are mendacious, and that is the reason Reagan I mistrusted them. I voted for Reagan I, not Reagan II. I am afraid the U.S. is going to give too much for a little détente.

*William A. Welnosky
Lineboro, Md.*

Bipartisan approval is extremely important when considering how to improve our relations with the Soviet Union. We must never let the Soviets play the Democrats off against the Republicans. Bipartisan commissions must work together to form a consensus on foreign and defense policy. America needs one strong hand, not two weak ones, to grasp the situation and come down hard on the Soviets.

*Mark T. Finch
Santa Monica, Calif.*

If a "foreign policy consensus" on ending the arms race is not achieved, we can expect three consequences. First, a continuing arms race will impoverish all countries, making Communist propaganda more effective. Second, a technical error, in Washington or Moscow, will cause the outbreak of World War III, which only a small fraction of the world's population will live through. Finally, the survivors will be forced by necessity to produce and distribute food and other goods under a Communist system. Each consequence is sufficient reason to support an end to the arms race.

*Kurt Kauffmann
Freiburg, West Germany*

Hunting Moby Dick

The agreement between Japan and the U.S. that allows whaling to continue for four more years [ENVIRONMENT, Dec. 3] will open the door for other countries, like mine, to follow suit. We are disappointed that the U.S. has backed away from its previous record of leadership in international efforts to achieve conservation of the great whales.

*Sonia Lochen
Norwegian League for Animal Rights
Oslo*

Just because Japan prizes whale meat as a delicacy does not justify the Japanese slaughter of these creatures.

*Scott Anderson
Citrus Heights, Calif.*

I was outraged by your article on whaling. Why is it wrong to eat whale meat? Americans have no compunctions about eating beef.

*Takeshi Hama
Chiba, Japan*

Japan displays arrogance in its flagrant disregard of the International Whaling Commission's ban on sperm-whale hunting. The U.S., however, is equally at fault in deciding to sidestep its own statutes and "cut a deal" with the Japanese.

*Allen E. Rizzi
Agoura, Calif.*

Message Machines

Your article "At the Sound of the Beep..." [ESSAY, Nov. 26] was wonderful. The fun in having an answering machine is hearing it ring while you are at home and not answering. That is power.

*Audrey Levine
West Los Angeles*

For whatever discomfort the beep imposes, it is an excellent deterrent to the crank or obscene caller.

*Keyton E. Barker Jr.
Topeka, Kans.*

I have been a widow for less than a month. One day when I was feeling particularly sad, I went to my husband's office, turned on his automatic answering machine, then hurried to the nearest public telephone. I dialed the office number and heard my husband's deep, mellow voice. It was the best medicine that could have been prescribed for me.

*Rosalie Kirkendale
Lake Placid, Fla.*

Double Image

The item about the two portraits of President Nixon [PEOPLE, Dec. 10] left an impression that was unfair to one of the artists. It is not true that the former President "never did like" the painting by Alexander Clayton. When J. Anthony Wills' canvas was completed, the Nixons decided to designate it the White House portrait and to earmark Mr. Clayton's for the library now planned at San Clemente.

*John H. Taylor
Office of Richard Nixon
New York City*

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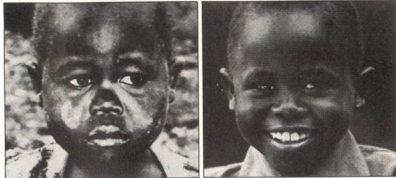
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Damiano, 1980

Damiano, 1983

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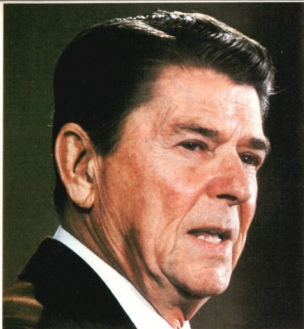
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The President: once again, a budget no Republican will sponsor?



The Secretary of Defense: starting a negotiation by bidding high

Nation

TIME/DECEMBER 31, 1984

The Military's Majority

Reagan sides with Weinberger in proposing minimal defense cuts

Budget Boss David Stockman had the entire Republican leadership of Congress and even most of the Cabinet on his side. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, an aide admitted, had "a constituency of one." But that constituency is named Ronald Reagan. Overruling Stockman's proposals for deep cuts in military spending, the President decided last week that his deficit-reduction plan will contain only the minimal reductions Weinberger would accept. Thus with his majority of one, Weinberger won one of the Administration's biggest internal fights. In the process he virtually ensured that the Administration would fail to meet its stated deficit-reduction goals and would once again send to Congress a budget that not even Republican members would support.

\$205
1983

Hours after the White House had disclosed the numbers, Weinberger appeared before TV cameras in the Pentagon to spell out the dimensions of his victory. The Secretary announced that Reagan had "very wisely" decided on reductions "that are substantial but not crippling, as some of the proposals would have been." He then gave these details:

► Defense spending in fiscal 1986, which starts next Oct. 1, would be cut \$8.7 billion below earlier projections, to \$277.5 billion—still more than 5% above the total Congress voted for this fiscal year after allowing for inflation. Superficially, the reduction seems larger than the \$8 billion Stockman had asked for, but the difference represents a juggling act with numbers.

► Outlays in 1987 and 1988 would be reduced primarily by the continuing effect of savings begun in 1986; there would be few if any additional cuts. So the trimming over three years would total only \$28 billion, less than half the \$58 billion Stockman had urged.

► Budget authority, meaning the Pentagon's authorization to sign new contracts, would be even more lightly trimmed.

\$221
1984

Stockman had urged cuts totaling \$121 billion over the next three fiscal years. Reagan agreed to only \$29.6 billion.

The Reagan-Weinberger agreement apparently preserves 1985 every procurement program, from the B-1B bomber to the MX missile. Indeed, since Reagan took office almost four years ago, not one weapons system requested by the Pentagon has been canceled.

The trouble with Reagan's military figures is that Congress is in no mood to accept a single one of them. Republican Stephen Bell, majority staff director of the Senate Budget Committee, says that Reagan's "feet will be in concrete" on defense spending and adds, "Most people with their feet in concrete are dead at the bottom of the river." A White House staff member concedes that "the question is whether we are part of the process" or whether Congress will simply ignore Reagan's budget and proceed to write its own.

For the past three years, no Republican has been willing to sponsor any of Reagan's original budget proposals. This anomaly seems inevitable once again. To most members, the Pentagon cuts—or rather the scaled-down spending increases—seem puny in comparison with

THE PRICE OF DEFENSE

Budget outlays in billions of dollars

the deep and genuine reductions in civilian spending that the White House will ask. Current plans are to whack outlays a total of \$169 billion below earlier projections over the next three years—\$34 billion in fiscal 1986 alone. That would involve freezes on such programs as food stamps and welfare, reductions in popular programs like Medicaid and veterans' health benefits and complete elimination of general revenue-sharing grants to states and cities, among other activities.

Cuts causing so much pain would be difficult to enact under any circumstances. Reagan's allies in Congress have been warning him for weeks that the task will be impossible unless the public can be convinced that the military is sharing fully in the sacrifices all Americans must make to reduce the ominous \$200 billion budget deficit. But the military savings that Reagan and Weinberger agreed on would leave the Administration \$25 billion short of its goal of halving the deficit to \$100 billion by fiscal 1988.

Moreover, the \$8.7 billion saving planned for fiscal 1986 involves some dubious counting. Some \$1 billion will come from imposing on the Pentagon's civilian employees the 5% pay cut that Reagan proposes for all civil service workers; Stockman had already tabulated that as a domestic rather than a military spending cut. Weinberger also hopes that a lower inflation rate and reduced fuel costs will slice almost another \$1 billion off the Pentagon's bills, a saving that would entail no sacrifice.

The biggest cut, \$4.1 billion, would result from reducing to 3% a 7.1% pay raise that 2.2 million members of the Army, Navy and Air Force are now scheduled to get on Jan. 1, 1986. But that raise would be put into effect six months earlier, which means that some money would be "saved" out of the fiscal 1986 budget by being spent during the current fiscal year instead.

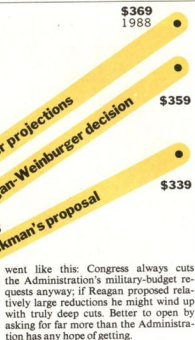
Only \$2.5 billion would represent "program cuts," and Weinberger could not say last week what they would be. Speculation is that the Pentagon may buy fewer fighter planes and reduce the troubled Sergeant York DIVAD anti-aircraft gun system. None of these pro-

grams, however, are likely to be canceled.

Why did Reagan disregard the congressional advice? At a private dinner in the White House last week, Nevada Republican Senator Paul Laxalt, Reagan's closest friend on Capitol Hill, warned the President once again that the proposed savings would be insufficient. Reagan replied that since arms-control negotiations with the Soviets may be about to resume, this would be a most inappropriate time to send Moscow anything it might interpret as a signal of U.S. softness. Weinberger made essentially the same point in public the next day. Said he: "You can't decide what you're going to have to spend for defense without looking outside the United States." The military forces, he added, still have "a long way to go to remedy the neglect of the 1970s."

Even many who accept Weinberger's argument that military spending should be determined by security considerations rather than budgetary ones, however, now dispute whether the amount of money being poured on the Pentagon is fully justified by military requirements. For example, Newt Gingrich of Georgia, a leader of New Right young Republicans in the House, advocates limiting military-spending increases in each of the next two years to 2% in excess of the rate of inflation. Congressman Mickey Edwards, a deeply conservative Oklahoma Republican, argues that four years of major military increases under Reagan, all of which he supported, have rebuilt U.S. fighting and deterrent capacity. Like many other Congressmen, Edwards also reports that his constituents have been enraged by tales of Pentagon waste and extravagance. Says he: "The military fights just as hard for funding to remodel generals' bathrooms and to remodel the gymnasium at the Air Force Academy as it does for its weapons systems. That is ridiculous."

Since such sentiments are well known to the White House, many in Congress speculate that Reagan had an additional motive for siding with Weinberger. In this view, Weinberger's argument probably



went like this: Congress always cuts the Administration's military-budget requests anyway; if Reagan proposed relatively large reductions he might wind up with truly deep cuts. Better to open by asking for far more than the Administration has any hope of getting.

Congressional leaders warn that any such strategy is likely to backfire. Wyoming Congressman Dick Cheney, a Reagan loyalist, offers this analysis: the only way to get the President's civilian-spending cuts through the Democratic-controlled House is to bundle them into a single gargantuan bill for a yes-or-no vote. That would have been difficult to arrange at best; now that the White House is proposing a military budget widely regarded as unrealistic, it may be impossible.

Instead, Cheney fears, House Democrats will once more insist on piecemeal votes in which more money will be sliced from defense and restored to domestic programs than either the White House or the Republican Senate will accept. The stage would then be set for a replay of the past three years: a confused three-cornered wrangle ending with a stopgap "continuing resolution" financing Government spending at levels that please nobody. That is no way to reach rational decisions about either civilian or military spending, or the deficit, or anything. —By George J. Church. Reported by Neil MacNeil and Bruce van Voorst/Washington

SHOPPING LIST FOR FISCAL 1986



\$3.3 billion
for 3 Aegis
cruisers



\$2.1 billion
for 720 M-1 tanks



\$1.2 billion
for 144 AH-64
helicopters



\$6 billion
for 48 B-1B
bombers

Nation



Receiver dishes in California await signals from military satellites in space

Shrouding Space in Secrecy

A hush-hush shuttle mission pits the Pentagon against the press

For the past two decades manned space missions by the U.S. have been the most public of spectacles. To drum up popular support, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration staged space shots as television melodramas. But when Space Shuttle Mission 51-C lifts off from Florida's Kennedy Space Center next month, the flight will be shrouded in secrecy. For the first time in 45 U.S. manned space flights, reporters will not be supplied with the usual fact-stuffed press kits, or allowed to eavesdrop on communications between astronauts and Mission Control, or even permitted to follow the traditional countdown.

At a crowded press conference in Washington last week, Brigadier General Richard Abel, public affairs director for the Air Force, announced a new set of restrictions on press coverage of manned space shuttle flights carrying purely military payloads. Mission 51-C is the first such flight; dozens more are scheduled in coming months and years. The aim of the new rules, declared General Abel, is to "deny our adversaries"—i.e., the Soviets—information about the shuttle launch and its payload. The effort to keep the lid on promptly provoked a rush of news leaks and reignited the simmering debate between the press and the Pentagon about the limits of secrecy.

General Abel did tell reporters that space shuttle *Discovery* will take off on Mission 51-C some time between 1:15 p.m. and 4:15

p.m. E.S.T. on a day no sooner than Jan. 23. But he refused to say what would be on board or how long the mission would last. He promised that touchdown will be announced 16 hours in advance, and that the press would be informed about any emergencies. Far more ominous was his warning that any "speculation" by the press about the mission and its payload could set off an investigation for breach of national security.

In fact the Defense Department had already set out to pre-emptively plug leaks. At the Pentagon's request, three news organizations—NBC, the Associated Press and *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, a widely respected industry magazine—held off stories about the military shuttle mission. NBC reported that it had grudgingly acceded to a personal plea from Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger.



The crew of Mission 51-C will not get the usual NASA star treatment. Strict rules to "deny our adversaries" information about the payload.

Nevertheless, the veil of secrecy was quickly and predictably pierced. Two days after the Pentagon's strictures against speculation, the *Washington Post* reported that Mission 51-C will launch a military-intelligence satellite called a SIGINT (for "signal intelligence"), which can intercept electronic signals. With the information now in the public domain, A.P. promptly ran with its similar story and NBC aired a watered-down version.

Weinberger angrily denounced the *Post* story as "the height of journalistic irresponsibility." Publication of such stories, he fumed, "can only give aid and comfort to the enemy." *Washington Post* Managing Editor Leonard Downie replied that the revelations did not "remotely" threaten national security. "The very sparse information that we published this morning is well known throughout Washington and the world," he insisted. Both the *Post* and NBC maintained that they continued to withhold technical information about the shuttle mission that was not so widely known.

Actually, much of the information disclosed by the press was readily available from the Pentagon's own testimony before Congress and from technical journals. Both the Soviets and the U.S. have long played a cat-and-mouse game known as "ferreting," in which spy satellites are sent aloft to gather electronic signals of any kind—microwave, radio, telephone—for decoding and analysis.

SIGINT satellites are typically equipped with two large dishes, one for collecting signals and the other for sending them back to earth stations. Earlier rocket-launched versions weighed a little more than a ton. The shuttle, with its greater thrust and ample cargo bay, permits the U.S. to launch a satellite three times as large and boost it to a height of 22,300 miles, where it can stay in "geosynchronous" orbit, maintaining its position over the same spot of the earth.

In contrast to the hoopla over NASA's manned missions, the Pentagon has always tried to keep secret the launching of its unmanned rockets carrying military satellites. In fact, not until 1978 did the U.S. admit that it flew any spy satellites over the U.S.S.R., even though their existence had been widely known for well over a decade. The Soviet news agency TASS usually announces missions just after they have been completed—successfully. Last



General Abel

Tidings at Mid-Passage

week, the Soviets launched an unmanned model of their own space shuttle, a small, reusable winged space plane that orbited the earth once and splashed down in the Black Sea.

Pentagon experts acknowledge that withholding details about the launch will probably inconvenience Soviet trackers for only an hour or so as they scramble to position radar ships and sensitive antennas. But they maintain that putting the Soviets to the test is a worthwhile exercise.

A more important reason for the secrecy around Mission 51-C, many observers believe, is to set a precedent. Press reports that a shuttle is carrying a spy satellite may not be damaging, but future shuttle payloads may include Star Wars technology that is a far more sensitive secret. Already one-fifth of the next 70 shuttle missions have been booked by the military. The Air Force has even built its own secret launching pad for military shuttles at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California, scheduled for its first launch on Oct. 15.

Some critics view the Pentagon restrictions on coverage of the space shuttle as part of a broader effort to restrict the free flow of information on defense policy. "This Administration is committed to trying to enforce secrecy to the extent no previous Administration has," declares Benno Schmidt, dean of Columbia Law School. The Administration has repeatedly tried to crack down on leakers, restrict press access and draft tighter secrecy laws.

It is not that unusual for Government officials to ask the media to keep secrets voluntarily. The press honored such requests before the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba in 1961 and on various occasions during the Viet Nam War. However, the Government's legal power to block publication if the press refuses to censor itself remains uncertain. In the celebrated Pentagon Papers case in 1971, the Supreme Court ruled that the U.S. could bar disclosures only if they caused "irreparable damage" to the U.S.

The Administration does have a blunt weapon it can use on Government leakers: the 77-year-old Espionage Act. The act was intended to punish real spies. But now the vaguely worded espionage laws are being used not just against spies but also those who leak defense secrets to the press. Last week the Justice Department began an investigation to find out who leaked information about Shuttle Mission 51-C to NBC.

So far the Administration has never successfully prosecuted a Government official for leaking. But it may be tempted to try as the press begins to cover secret high-tech developments such as laser satellites and other space weaponry. The boundary between the public's right to know and the Government's need to protect national security is a shadowy one. It is sure to be tested further as the legitimate public debate about the "militarization" of space continues to clash with the Pentagon's desire, also quite legitimate, to keep its technology secret.

—By Evan Thomas, Reported by

Anne Constable and Jerry Hanzliff/Washington

Ronald Reagan's Administration is at mid-life and shows it. The White House now feels like a settled home, all burnished mahogany and established rituals. George Bush has family portraits and decorated Christmas trees in both of his elegant offices. Nancy Reagan has shaded the private quarters in her favorite yellows and peaches, and state entertaining is a pageantry of grace and beauty. The gray squirrels come up to the windows of the Oval Office and knock when the President has not gone to Camp David for the weekend and brought back acorns to leave for them on the porch.

Mike Deaver has lost 45 lbs., and James Baker has shed about 600 hairs. Ed Meese has picked up some of Deaver's pounds but none of Baker's hair. The Reagan Cabinet has gained two women and is a little more mellow, but it still has the same jar for its weekly dole of jelly beans.

The most notable new addition is Lucky, the roly-poly sheep-dog puppy that has captured everybody's heart and one presidential sock, which she chews with relish.

History and tradition live in all the rooms and corridors in the Executive complex, which has been scrubbed, waxed

and brightened more than ever before. Theodore Roosevelt's Nobel Peace Prize medal gleams under a muted spot in the Roosevelt Room. Two cannons, trophies of Admiral George Dewey's ("You may fire when you are ready, Gridley") from the Spanish-American War, now proudly guard the Pennsylvania Avenue entrance to the Old Executive Office Building.

Richard Nixon's face on the wall has been upgraded with a new portrait by J. Anthony Wills, and Rosalynn Carter will soon join those ranks when her picture is hung. Calvin Coolidge, in oil, steadfastly watches over the Cabinet Room, although Reagan has yet to match him in number of surplus budgets (Coolidge had five) or tax cuts (three).

Concerns over budgets and arms control remain relatively constant: they came in with Reagan, and will go through his second term. There are, however, many subtle changes in issues and approaches at the mid-point.



The First Lady and Lucky

One of them is the recognition of the influence of Nancy Reagan on her husband, which has been noted by both China's Deng Xiaoping and the Soviet Union's Andrei Gromyko after official meetings with the President. Reagan's growing interest in foreign policy is another. He has faces and personalities to put onto governments, and friends to call and talk with about international problems. That has changed what was often an academic exercise into a people problem, which Reagan likes.

If the President's budget formula proved a bust in his first four years, his sense that patriotism was about to break out in epidemic proportions did not. Patriotism has reached new levels of intensity, and will be used by the President to power many of his appeals. Historian Walter Berns of the American Enterprise Institute says that one of the most irresistible forces in history is the resonance that comes when people discover a leader who endorses their latent pride.

In addition, Reagan has tilted the world's attention to outer space, whether he planned it that way or not. The arms talks will now focus on Reagan's Star Wars concept for a space-based defense against nuclear missiles as a substitute for the current balance of terror. Virtually every debate about national security will lead into the heavens, where the U.S. space shuttle flies, and plans have been made for a permanent space station.

Perhaps as important as any change has been the growing evidence of the ability of the American people to cope with hard times and bounce back with more energy and daring than before. Many of the aides in Reagan's White House now count the remarkable adjustment of state and local governments to budget cuts, and the resilience of individuals to job loss and career changes, as a sign of a confident and creative society that is more ready than ever to question old assumptions and try new ideas.

UNESCO Farewell

Citing anti-Western bias, the U.S. pulls out

A year ago the U.S. formally served a notice that it would resign from the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) unless the Paris-based group streamlined its bloated bureaucracy and righted its anti-Western tilt. Last week, asserting that "an unacceptable gap clearly remains," Washington made good its threat. Gregory Newell, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, announced that the U.S. will withdraw from UNESCO at the end of this month. He said that the U.S. was pulling out because the organization continued to exhibit "an endemic hostility toward the institutions of a free society—particularly those that protect a free press, free markets and, above all, individual human rights."

When UNESCO was founded in 1945, its stated goals were to foster literacy and education, encourage international scientific exchanges and preserve cultural heritage. But with the ascendancy of Third World countries, which now make up nearly three-fourths of UNESCO's membership, the organization has gradually edged toward the left. Especially troubling to the U.S. was a proposed "new world information order" that called for increased government control of the press. The U.S. was also rankled by some of the agency's projects. The Palestine



Ambassador Gerard: let the Soviet Union pay

Liberation Organization, for example, received 7% of UNESCO's fellowships and study grants in 1981-83.

A pivotal factor in the pullout decision may have been Amadou-Mahtar M'Bow, UNESCO's Senegalese director-general, whose autocratic style made negotiation difficult. In a recent meeting in Paris with Jean Gerard, U.S. Ambassa-

dor to UNESCO, M'Bow seemingly accused Gerard of racism, telling her that she could not treat him as she was accustomed to treating Americans "who come from the same continent as me."

Despite the frosty tone of Newell's announcement, the Administration left open the possibility of rapprochement, saying that the U.S. would rejoin the 160-nation group "when UNESCO returns to its original purposes and principles." As a practical matter, that may not be until 1987, when a successor to the combative M'Bow is chosen. Newell said, however, that the U.S. will establish an "observer mission" in Paris to monitor UNESCO activities.

The most immediate effect on UNESCO will be financial: the U.S. contributes 25% of the group's \$374 million biennial program budget. That will leave the Soviet Union, which contributes 12% of the budget, as the group's largest backer. Said Ambassador Gerard: "Since some of UNESCO's most objectionable programs resemble the Soviets' policies, let them pay for them."

Conservative groups hailed the U.S. withdrawal, but some U.N. officials, educators and legislators on Capitol Hill maintained that the U.S. should reform UNESCO from within. Said Republican Congressman Jim Leach of Iowa: "It is difficult to know how U.S. views will be better protected from an empty chair." By this time next year, another chair may be empty. Great Britain last month gave notice that it intends to withdraw from UNESCO at the end of 1985.

"Sexism Is Alive"

Her topic was sexism in politics, and it was appropriate for the audience that had invited her to speak on the subject: the Women's Forum, a group of New York City's most influential women in business and politics. United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick claimed that "sexism is alive in the U.N. . . in the U.S. Government . . . in American politics." As evidence she noted the reported comments of unnamed White House critics who had contended that she was "too temperamental to occupy a higher office." That, she argued, was a "classical sexist charge." She complained that she has been described as "schoolmarmish" and "confrontational," and that while former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was often referred to as "Dr. Kissinger," she is usually called "Mrs. Kirkpatrick," despite her Ph.D. in political science.

The Ambassador mentioned only one of her antagonists by name: "I am sure Alexander Haig thought he was going to wipe me out in the first nine months," she said of the former Secretary of State. "He didn't." Her audience applauded. She called foreign policy a "particularly male bastion" and

claimed that "there are lots of resistances still to young women in our diplomatic service."

The subject was not a new one for Kirkpatrick, who told TIME editors at a meeting in Dallas during the Republican National Convention that she sympathized with Geraldine Ferraro in her pioneering role as the first woman vice-presidential candidate. While political opportunities for women are opening, she continued, "it is a very harsh game, and I do not think women want whatever it is at the end of that particular rainbow badly enough to pursue it."

However valid her complaint might be, the timing of Kirkpatrick's latest protest raised questions about her motive. She has revealed her desire to leave her U.N. post and to find a position closer to the power centers in Washington. But last month, President Reagan appeared to end her hopes with the assertion that he did not see any available foreign policy position in his Administration that would be "worthy of her."

Replying to Kirkpatrick's assertions, one of the Ambassador's White House critics suggested last week that it is her personality, not her gender, that is at fault. Some women, he added, "suffer because they are cantankerous." Clearly, the feuding and the possible sexism have not ended.



Ambassador Kirkpatrick

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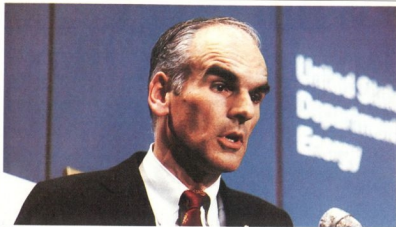
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Hodel announcing his decision: "None of the states is supportive"

An Unwelcome Christmas Present

The Feds select possible nuclear-waste sites in three states

"Arbitrary, capricious, uncaring and unreasonable," fumed Governor Mark White of Texas. "Before the people of Deaf Smith County glow in the dark, sparks will fly." Said Booth Gardner, the incoming Governor of Washington: "I am worried about earthquakes and groundwater contamination." Declared Nevada's Governor Richard Bryan: "Nevada has already done its share in the nuclear arena."

The Governors' ire was directed at an unwelcome Christmas gift from the Federal Government. After a two-year study, the three states were selected last week by the Department of Energy as the most promising places in which to bury 40,000 tons of high-level radioactive wastes beginning in 1998. They were the unhappy winners in a competition involving nine possible sites. Most of the nuclear rubbish is in the form of 12-ft.-long spent fuel rods that have been stored for nearly 30 years at the 85 power plants scattered across the U.S. The water pools used at the plant sites to cool and temporarily hold the rods are filling up.

Conceding that "none of the states is supportive" of his decision, Energy Secretary Donald Hodel named the following sites as best suited for the first dump:

Hanford, Wash. Already used as a depository for low-level radioactive wastes, the tract in southeastern Washington is owned by the Federal Government. Its disadvantage, in the view of environmentalists, is that it is in the Columbia Basin. The Energy Department proposes carving a cavern in the basalt rock some 3,000 ft. below the surface, and contends that the radioactivity could never seep into underground water sources or the river. Many job-conscious residents of the three nearby cities of Kennewick, Richland and Pasco were happy that their area remained under consideration. "We're bet-

ter educated about nuclear energy here," said Dorothy Schoepach, manager of the Pasco Chamber of Commerce. "We're not afraid."

Deaf Smith County, Texas. Named after one of General Sam Houston's scouts, this flat farm county in the Panhandle covers a salt bed that begins about 2,500 ft. below the wheatfields. Geologists seeking a safe radioactive-waste site have long favored salt formations because they are free of water, tend to reseal if fractured, and handle heat well. But farmers fear that their deep aquifers, used to irrigate crops, might become contaminated. In a state survey of 1,000 area residents, 73% said they would resist placing the dump there, and only 4% favored it.

Yucca Mountain, Nev. Federally owned, the site northwest of Las Vegas covers part of Nellis Air Force Base, the Nevada nuclear-weapons test area and a Bureau of Land Management tract. A volcanic-rock formation 1,500 ft. below the surface would house the waste. Opponents believe that nuclear blasts at the test range could disturb the buried materials. Robert Revert, who owns gas stations in Beatty, estimates that 90% of local residents favor the dump. Says he: "Our young people are out of work. Maybe we could turn this around with Yucca Mountain."

Once the choice is narrowed to just one of the three, federal officials will have a difficult job convincing the appropriate Governor and state legislators that the nuclear garbage heap will be safe. Under a 1982 act of Congress, a state can veto the selection, but Congress can override the objection by majority vote. No such battle, however, is imminent. The presidential choice of a first site is not expected until 1991.

—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by John E. Yang/Washington, with other bureaus

Trail of Cards

Geronimo suspect is arrested

The thin young man who murdered four people and wounded three others during a \$17,000 bank robbery in Geronimo, Okla., a week ago seemed determined to leave no witnesses. But only three days later, the FBI announced that it had arrested Jay Wesley Neill, 19, the man they believe to be the "Geronimo Killer," at a Holiday Inn in San Francisco. Arrested with him was Robert Grady Johnson, 22, who is said to have driven the getaway car. Behind them they had left a trail of credit-card receipts and travel reservations.

According to police, Neill made reservations for a trip to San Francisco on the day before the robbery, while Johnson bought a handgun. An hour after the robbery, the two men flew to California, paying \$1,400 in cash for their tickets. In San Francisco, Neill and Johnson hired a limousine driver to take them on a tour of the city, stopping in expensive restaurants and shops along the way.

Several armed agents were waiting on Monday morning when Neill and Johnson came out of their room. Inside were bank bags and packets of currency from the robbery. Arraigned in U.S. District Court in San Francisco, Neill was charged with armed robbery and Johnson as an accomplice.

Explosive Find

A clue to a Denver murder

When FBI agents arrested an armed-robbery suspect after a shootout in a Portland, Ore., motel last month, they got a bigger break than they realized at the time. Last week FBI ballistics experts confirmed that among the weapons found in Suspect Gary Lee Yarbrough's home in Sandpoint, Idaho, was the 45-cal. mac-10 submachine pistol used last June to murder Alan Berg, a combative and controversial Denver radio talk-show host. Yarbrough denied the killing, insisting that he was given the weapon after the shooting. At week's end he had not been charged in the case.

According to FBI agents, the red-haired Yarbrough, 29, is a former member of an Idaho-based neo-Nazi group called Aryan Nations. Yarbrough and five other members of the group were charged last week with a pair of armored-truck robberies worth more than \$4 million. Yarbrough is also charged with opening fire on three FBI agents outside his home in October. The formidable arms cache discovered in his home after his arrest included crossbows, plastic explosives, hand grenades, night-vision scopes and semiautomatic rifles. Said Yarbrough: "The Bible tells me to prepare for the day of destruction."

Oiling Washington's Wheels

In the capital, parties are essential to the governing game

Washington Gossip Columnist Betty Beale, who holds the equivalent of a black belt in the sport, spotted her opportunity. Noting that Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor was about to wind up a chat with Attorney General William French Smith at the Swedish Ambassador's Christmas party, Beale swooped past the hors d'oeuvre table, greeted O'Connor and guided her skillfully to a brocade couch. She had reached safe territory. Even though the pair was surrounded by some 200 other guests, no one would have dreamed of in-

terrupting a sit-down tête-à-tête at a stand-up party. Conversations conducted in the zone beneath a hand-held cocktail glass are, after all, strictly private affairs.

separate but unequal "A" and "B" lists; the Washington Post looked into the matter and found that the division was egalitarian, each party boasting roughly the same number of media superstars.

Within the past two weeks Ronald and Nancy Reagan have opened their home to 400 Secret Service staffers, who are apolitical by law, and to 500 members of Congress, some of whom became so temporarily for the occasion. Democratic Congressman Thomas Downey, recalling

the glare of a television light that suddenly popped on, chatted with other guests and said his farewells amid a quick round of handshakes. Elapsed time: 14 min., 45 sec. "He knows his presence can make or break an event," said Host Paul Laxalt, whose event had evidently just been made.

The quintessential Reagan-era Power Party was thrown last week at the Georgetown home of Joseph Canzeri, a former presidential scheduler who now runs a public relations concern. Delayed slightly by the Washington Redskins' 29-27 win over the St. Louis Cardinals (occasionally even power rituals are only the second most interesting game in town), Canzeri's Venetian-style Christmas fête attracted a classic "interesting Wash-



Gray chats up Senator Warner, left; Chief Justice Burger with Smith and Host Laxalt, center; Interior Secretary Clark and U.N. Ambassador Kirkpatrick

terrupting a sit-down tête-à-tête at a stand-up party. Conversations conducted in the zone beneath a hand-held cocktail glass are, after all, strictly private affairs.

The Sanctity of the Seated is only one of the unwritten rules of Washington's code of Power Party etiquette. In a city where no one makes even the pretense of avoiding office talk during social occasions, and where the office being talked about may be an Oval one, partying counts for a good deal more than celebrating the season. For many Cabinet officers, congressional leaders and other key political players, the social whirl is "really an elongation of the working day," observes Superlobbyist Robert Gray, who makes it his (very profitable) business to know what lubricates the workings of Washington. Parties in the capital are a lot more, and often a lot less, than just fun: they are part of the power scene, and never more so than during the Christmas-season binge.

The pinnacle of power partying, naturally, is the White House, whose annual holiday bashes are regretted by almost no one asked. Indeed, one tale this year involves a recently divorced newsman. When the White House invitation was mistakenly sent to his old address, his ex-wife accepted, then showed up at the press reception with her new boyfriend. The splitting of the press corps into two gatherings prompted concern that there were

that party sustenance in Jimmy Carter's White House consisted of white wine and finger food, surveyed this year's full-service bar and buffet of roast beef and fettuccini approvingly. "One nice thing about Republicans," he allowed, "is that they are not afraid to spend money."

By and large, members of the Reagan Administration need little coaxing when it comes to stepping out. Indeed, some Democrats complain uncharitably that Smith, for one, pays less attention to court calendars than to social ones. Says one Democratic Senator: "If you want to reach the Attorney General, call his social secretary and find out what party he is going to." Yet Max Friedersdorf, a former Reagan legislative assistant, insists that when he tried to cut back on his staff's outside socializing, he discovered that their productivity suffered. Says he: "You have to go to parties to stay informed."

Even dedicated arm benders find it necessary to spend some time behind their desks, of course, and so a variation on full-fledged partying was developed: the Drop-By. The ingredients for a successful Power Drop-By include a late arrival, a chauffeured limousine and media props. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger has become a master. At a reception for a visiting Italian official, Weinberger showed up an hour late, greeted the guest of honor in

ington mix": diplomats (Nepalese Ambassador Bhekh Thapa), members of Congress (Senators John Tower and Sam Nunn), name journalists (Columnist Mary McGrory), plus the Reaganaut social front line (Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese and Wife Ursula, along with Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver and Wife Carolyn). The White House group often favors its own small huddle, reinforcing a persistent suspicion that Reagan's aides prefer one another's company to that of anyone else.

The night after the Canzeri do, Gray dashed briefly out of his own bash to perform a Drop-By at another affair. His absence was scarcely noticed by the 150 invited guests. China's Ambassador to Washington, Zhang Wenjin, continued to hold court in one corner, studiously refusing to note the presence of the legendary General Claire Chennault's widow Anna (Chennault was longtime air adviser to the Nationalists). Former Cabinet Officer Richard Schweiker, now head of an insurance trade group, went right on greeting old political friends. After all, like Louis B. Mayer and his famous meetings, Washington's power elite does not attend a party—it takes a party. For that, the presence of the host is hardly necessary.

—By William R. Doerner
Reported by Alessandra Stanley/Washington

World

DIPLOMACY

Getting A Closer Look

But a death interrupts Gorbachev's British visit

Several times last week a black Rolls-Royce decorated with a red-and-gold hammer-and-sickle flag sped through the heart of London. To London cabbies, the mysterious passenger in the official limousine was simply "the Russian bloke." But the visitor from Moscow was someone considerably more special than implied by that familiar description. He was Mikhail Gorbachev, 53, the youngest member of the Politburo of the Communist Party and the man widely considered to hold the second most important post in the Kremlin. During Gorbachev's visit to Britain, the first by a high-ranking Soviet political leader since Premier Alexei Kosygin came to London in 1967, his every word and gesture were closely watched for some insight into the largely unknown younger generation that will one day rule the Soviet Union. Even as Gorbachev toured Britain, a gap opened last week in Moscow's power structure with the death of one stalwart of the old guard: Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov (see following story). Gorbachev immediately cut short his visit and flew back to Moscow to prepare for Ustinov's funeral and the appointment of his successor.

Gorbachev had ostensibly gone to Britain as the leader of a Soviet parliamentary delegation, but he was accorded greater attention than his position as chairman of the Supreme Soviet's Foreign Affairs Commission warranted. Though Western officials are careful to avoid descriptions like "heir apparent" when referring to Gorbachev, it has become clear in the ten months since Yuri Andropov died and Communist Party Chief Konstantin Chernenko emerged as the new leader in Moscow that Gorbachev, an expert on agriculture, is on the way up. As the Second Secretary of the Central Committee Secretariat, a kind of inner cabinet that runs the Soviet Union, he is thought to manage much of the party's day-to-day business and to handle ideological questions. His unusually venturesome trip to the West last week was one more sign of his growing prestige and power.



Thatcher welcomes a smiling Gorbachev at Chequers, her official country residence

With a long-awaited meeting on arms control between Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz scheduled for Jan. 7 and 8 in Geneva, Western officials hoped the Gorbachev visit would once more provide an opportunity to try to gauge the Kremlin's views on that sensitive subject. Thatcher had her own reasons to be pleased with the timing of the trip. After conferring with Gorbachev, she flew off to Peking to sign an accord returning Hong Kong to Chinese sovereignty in 1997 and planned to complete an around-the-world-in-less-than-six-days diplomatic grand slam with a weekend meeting at Camp David with President Ronald Reagan.

The first glimpse of Gorbachev, who was dressed in a gray pinstripe suit, gray overcoat and trilby hat and accompanied by his stylish, reddish-haired wife Raisa, took Britain by surprise. The *Daily Mail* quickly dubbed the couple "the new Gucci comrades"; the BBC enthused about "a new kind of Soviet leader, one who enjoys being seen in public." There was some dismay in Washing-

ton that Western perceptions of Gorbachev might be skewed by press coverage that focused too much on his style and personality. Said a White House official: "The Western media are starved for a new, pretty Russian face."

Clearly, the Soviet visitor had come to win friends and influence people. In a brief address at London's Heathrow Airport, he declared that "there are no types of armaments that the U.S.S.R. would not agree to see limited and eventually banned in agreement with other states on a reciprocal basis." The Kremlin is particularly concerned about U.S. plans



Rolls-Royce with Soviet flag

to develop a space-based defense system, widely referred to as Star Wars, and has been pressing for a moratorium on anti-satellite weapons tests scheduled for next March. To no one's surprise in Washington and other Western capitals, Gorbachev reiterated that theme time and again, leaving no doubt about Soviet arms-control priorities.

Thatcher got her first close look at Gorbachev at Chequers, her official country residence 30 miles northwest of Lon-

don. The Soviet leader and his wife were relaxed and jovial during a photo session on the front steps; Thatcher even examined Raisa Gorbacheva's crisply tailored suit. After a lunch of Dover sole and filet of beef, the Prime Minister and Gorbachev spent nearly 3½ hours in private discussions on East-West relations and arms control; British officials later said the talks were conducted in a "friendly, relaxed atmosphere." Gorbachev conveyed a personal message from Chernenko calling for better understanding between the Soviet Union and Britain. Thatcher responded to the Soviet leadership's concerns about U.S. intentions by emphasizing that Washington is sincere in seeking arms-reduction negotiations. Even as tough a critic as Thatcher, who makes no secret of her anti-Communism, was impressed. "I like Mr. Gorbachev," she said. "We can do business together."

Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe conferred with Gorbachev for almost three more hours at Henry VIII's palace at Hampton Court. Before a lunch in the palace's Great Hall, Gorbachev declared that the Kremlin was prepared for "radical solutions" to arms control, but that it was "unreal to hope to stop the arms race" if no steps were taken to prevent the militarization of space. He pressed the same point during an address before the House of Commons Select Committee on Foreign Affairs. "It is now up to the U.S. to make a move," he said. "Of key importance in all this is the prevention of the space arms race."

Gorbachev also met with Neil Kinnock, head of the Labor Party, and David Owen and David Steel, leaders of the Liberal-Social Democratic coalition. Reporting on his conversation, Kinnock said that the Soviets were imposing no "preliminary conditions" on the Geneva talks. But Physicist Yevgeni Velikhov, an expert on space weaponry who was a member of the Soviet delegation, said he thought progress in arms control would be "impossible" if the U.S. proceeded with anti-satellite weapons tests, a comment that appeared designed to heighten West European anxiety about Reagan's Star Wars scheme. "What the Russians have stressed very strongly," said Denis Healey, Labor's shadow Foreign Secretary, "is that you cannot separate the demilitarization of outer space from the reduction of nuclear missiles. If the Americans develop a Star Wars system, the Russians, instead of copying that development, may go for a very sophisticated offensive system that would allow them to penetrate any defense the Americans erect."

The issue was certain to be raised by Thatcher when she stopped off at Camp David on her way back from China. After her meeting with Gorbachev, she said in a radio interview that "one does not want to go into higher and higher levels of armaments." The Prime Minister will no doubt hear from the White House that development of a space-based defense system is an



Anti-Soviet protesters await the visitor

integral part of the U.S. arms negotiating strategy. An Administration official reported last week that Washington was ready to consider "measures of restraint" in testing antisatellite weapons. He said that the U.S. was prepared to deal "seriously, flexibly and constructively" at the Geneva talks, but would discuss Star Wars weapons only as part of a comprehensive arms-control package. Though Thatcher would prefer cancellation of the U.S. tests, something that would also please many West Europeans, she is likely to close ranks with the White House and insist that the U.S. cannot call a Star Wars moratorium without concessions from the Soviets.

In a way, the Gorbachev trip was as much a matter of style as substance. Before Ustinov's death brought the visit to an abrupt end, Gorbachev's hosts had prepared a program designed to give him as much exposure as possible to life in the West, including excursions to an experimental farm, business corporations with trading ties to the East bloc, and a trip to Edinburgh. Gorbachev had responded with enthusiastic interest and an occasional flash of humor. When he was shown the desk in the reading room of the British Museum where Karl Marx wrote much of *Das Kapital*, he joked, "If people

don't like Marxism, they should blame the British Museum." He seemed fascinated by the tombs of Britain's great in Westminster Abbey. "I feel as if I have been here before," he said on entering the church. The first time he encountered demonstrators waving placards with the message DOWN WITH RUSSIAN IMPERIALISM, he craned his neck for a closer look.

His wife proved to be even more of a revelation for Western observers who know little about the private lives of the Soviet Union's ruling elite. With her fashionably short haircut and modish wardrobe, Raisa Gorbacheva was in striking contrast to other Kremlin wives, who, in the ungracious words of the *Daily Mirror*, "looked as though they should be building dams in Siberia." During an official dinner after the delegation's arrival, she reportedly talked with a Member of Parliament about her four-year-old grandson, and even joked that she and her husband had waited a long time to eat, since it was then 1 o'clock in the morning Moscow time. While Gorbachev conferred with Thatcher, his wife, who is believed to hold a degree in philosophy from Moscow State University, spent most of her time in the Chequers library. At one point in the trip she tried to answer questions about her impressions of Britain in halting English. "I like very much," she told reporters. "Goodbye."

While the chemistry on the whole was good, there were some lapses. As the week wore on, Gorbachev glared at small knots of anti-Soviet demonstrators who followed him around. He also displayed something of a temper. When a Conservative M.P. questioned him about religious freedom in the Soviet Union, Gorbachev became combative. "I could give you a few facts about human rights in the United Kingdom," he said, in an apparent reference to Northern Ireland. "For example, you persecute entire communities, entire nationalities. You have 2.3 million unemployed. You govern your society. You leave us to govern ours." Britain's unemployment rate, as more than one of his hosts was quick to point out later, is actually 3.2 million. In the end, however, Gorbachev's smile returned. "Truth," he said, "comes out of heated discussion."

One senior British diplomat suggested that Gorbachev's momentary outburst may have been intended to show his Kremlin colleagues that "he wasn't letting all those nice bouquets from capitalist Britain go to his head." After all, though Gorbachev seems to have a firm hold on the No. 2 job in the Kremlin, it is by no means certain that he will take over after Chernenko. Nonetheless, in keeping with Gorbachev's position in the Kremlin, Soviet television showed nightly film clips of the visit, with particular emphasis on his statements about the arms race in space. The Kremlin's rising "young" star was certain to be seen again in the front rank of the Soviet leadership as it marked the passing of the veteran Ustinov.

—By John Kohan.
Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof and Frank Melville/London



A revelation: Raisa Gorbacheva

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World

SOVIET UNION

The Civilian Soldier Fades Away

Dmitri Ustinov: 1908-1984

His khaki uniform, decorated with rows of multicolored ribbons, always set him apart from other members of the Politburo at Kremlin receptions. With the notable exception of Leonid Brezhnev, no one else in that select group could have boasted, as he could, of being a marshal of the Soviet armed forces. But for all his military trappings, Defense Minister Dmitri Fedorovich Ustinov, whose death last week at the age of 76 opened up a key post in the Kremlin hierarchy, was a civilian engineer who had never commanded soldiers on the battlefield.

Ustinov owed his position at the top of the mammoth Soviet military machine to a simple truth: no matter how daring a general may be, he cannot wage and win wars if no one provides him with weapons. In that category, Ustinov excelled. During a career in the armaments industry that spanned five decades, he made certain that Soviet arsenals were never empty and lived to see his country surpass the U.S. in arms production.

The news of Ustinov's death first emerged last week after a world chess championship game was unexpectedly canceled in Moscow. The match had been scheduled for Friday evening at the House of Trade Unions, the hall where Soviet dignitaries traditionally lie in state. Questioned by a Western reporter, an elderly door attendant angrily said that Ustinov had died. Official confirmation came several hours later from Politburo Member Mikhail Gorbachev, who ended his trip to Britain a day early in order to return to Moscow. "We have had a great and tragic loss," Gorbachev explained before leaving Edinburgh. "Marshal Ustinov, our old friend and comrade-in-arms, has passed away."

Ustinov, who had been rumored to be ill for several months, was the first civilian to head the Soviet military since Leon Trotsky. He personified the principle that the Soviet armed forces must ultimately be the servant of the Communist Party. Still, during his eight years in the post, the military appeared to have gained unprecedented influence within the Kremlin. Politburo Member Grigori Romanov, 61, was named head of Ustinov's funeral committee, prompting speculation that he would become Defense Minister. But Moscow announced on Saturday that Marshal Sergei L. Sokolov, 73, would replace Ustinov.

The departure added to a sense of uncertainty in the Soviet military. With arms

negotiations on hold, the Kremlin has seemed baffled about how to react to the defense policies of the West, particularly to those of the Reagan Administration. The abrupt transfer of Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov from his post as chief of the general staff last September suggested that the leadership was divided over nuclear and conventional strategy.

A stocky, sandy-haired man with



Dmitri Ustinov: honors from Stalin and Khrushchev

Making certain that Soviet arsenals were never empty.

gold-rimmed spectacles, Ustinov exuded neither charm nor charisma. Nonetheless, as a member of the dwindling but powerful old guard that had survived both Brezhnev and his successor, Yuri Andropov, he had become a more visible public presence early this year: in February, Soviet Leader Konstantin Chernenko shared the spotlight with Ustinov and Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at Andropov's funeral. Later, in the fall, Ustinov faded out of the picture. Soviet television viewers had fully expected to see him pass through Red Square to review the massed battalions on the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution in November, but he never appeared. According to the official medical bulletin last week, Ustinov had contracted pneumonia in October. Emergency surgery had to be performed to correct an aneurysm in the aortic valve. His liver and kidneys

later malfunctioned, and he suffered a cardiac arrest last Thursday evening.

Born on Oct. 30, 1908, in Samara (now Kuibyshev), a city 550 miles southeast of Moscow on the Volga River, Ustinov was the child of working-class parents. He began his career working as a fitter in a paper mill and as a diesel mechanic and went on to study design engineering in Leningrad. When the Nazis invaded the Soviet Union in 1941, Stalin chose Ustinov, who was then 33 years old and the director of Leningrad's Bolshevik Arms Factory, to supervise the evacuation of the defense industry to the east of the Ural Mountains. Stalin later rewarded Ustinov, whom he called "the Red-head," with the Soviet Union's highest civilian honor: Hero of Socialist Labor.

Ustinov earned the prestigious award a second time in 1961, from Nikita Khrushchev for his work in ensuring that the first man to orbit the earth was a Soviet cosmonaut, Yuri Gagarin. The irascible Soviet Premier valued Ustinov's managerial skills enough to appoint him First Deputy Premier and place him in control of the civilian economy in 1963. When Leonid Brezhnev took power, Ustinov returned to the defense industry and took charge of developing the Soviet Union's strategic bomber force and intercontinental ballistic missile system.

A committed Communist since joining the party in 1927, Ustinov gained power in the bureaucracy as he rose in the armaments industry. When Defense Minister Marshal Rodion Malinovsky died in 1967, there was widespread speculation that the post would pass to Ustinov. Instead, the Kremlin chose another military man, Marshal Andrei Grechko. Ustinov finally got the Defense portfolio in 1976. Along with it, he gained full membership in the Politburo and the title of marshal.

The Soviet military's growing clout cast Ustinov in the role of a Kremlin kingmaker: his support was apparently critical in giving the edge to former KGB Chief Andropov in the race to succeed Brezhnev. Ustinov emerged as a decisive player in the Chernenko regime, making up for the new leader's limited experience in military affairs. At one point this year, when Chernenko's health appeared to falter, the Defense Minister was viewed as a possible interim leader who could oversee the transfer of power to a younger generation.

In 1979 Ustinov confidently asserted that "the armed forces of the U.S.S.R. are on a high level that ensures the accomplishment of any tasks set by the party and the people." He left his country with massive supplies of rifles, tanks, submarines, bombers and nuclear warheads—a huge arsenal but one that has made neither party nor people feel more secure. —By John Kohan. Reported by Erik Amfiltheatrot/Moscow

World

POLAND

An Ominous Tremor in Gdansk

Tensions mount amid political and economic stalemate

When Lech Walesa stepped from the portal of St. Brigid's Church in Gdansk last week, carrying a bouquet of red and white carnations, the former Solidarity leader hoped to walk peacefully to the monument of three crosses half a mile away. It was the 14th anniversary of the food riots of 1970, in which dozens of Polish workers were killed by troops and police, and Walesa and some 3,000 followers planned to lay flowers and wreaths at the memorial erected in honor of the martyrs. Linking arms with Bog-

as smoke flares burst and mobile water cannons spewed icy streams at the marchers. From windows above the melee, residents cursed and taunted the police. "Gestapo go home!" two elderly women shouted from the safety of their flat. Among the dozen people detained by the police was Andrzej Gwiazda, once Solidarity's vice chairman and one of the most outspoken of Poland's dissidents; he was later sentenced to three months in prison. Walesa retreated to St. Brigid's, coolly explaining that "we marched as

asking the authorities for little more than the right to discuss opposition demands with them. His supporters explain, with some justification, that a more radical position could touch off widespread violence, inevitably triggering more government repression.

Lis, 32, who was released from Warsaw's Rakowiecka Prison earlier this month in an apparent concession to the U.S. (which subsequently dropped its three-year-old objection to Poland's participation in the International Monetary Fund), leans toward Walesa's restrained stance but thinks that occasional street demonstrations are necessary to force the government into change. Says he: "This is not a period of spontaneous protest. People are afraid. If Solidarity could be reactivated now, legally, in the same form it had in 1980, it would not bring about the same mobilization. People will not immediately believe in changes for the better. They need a period of time to adjust to them, to see that they are permanent and not something to be taken away."

Gwiazda, 49, who ran against Walesa for Solidarity chairman in 1981, pursues a tougher line, ultimately espousing preparation for a guerrilla war. Says he: "In moral terms, I believe that this situation entitles us to use methods of personal terror. I think it's politically the wrong method, but morally justified."

If the opposition is frayed and undecided, Poland's Communist leadership too is stymied—and split. The murder of Father Jerzy Popieluszko, a Roman Catholic priest and opposition activist, allegedly committed by three secret-police officers in October, exacerbated a long-smoldering struggle between the party's mainstream, which supports Jaruzelski, and Politburo hard-liners, who have been urging a continuing crackdown against dissidents. At a Central Committee plenum in October, Jaruzelski narrowly headed off a direct challenge to his leadership; the hard-liners hoped to use the Popieluszko killing as an issue that would force Interior Minister Czeslaw Kiszczak or Jaruzelski himself to resign. The scheme was abandoned for reasons that remain unclear.

The government's worst failing remains its economic performance. Poland's debt to Western creditors stands at \$26.4 billion; industrial production and exports have barely risen over last year's. While the fall harvest was abundant enough to forestall fears of a winter famine, meat, clothing and other basic items remain in short supply, and long food lines, reflecting more than a pre-Christmas rush, form outside stores in Warsaw and other cities. No relief is in sight. Said Gwiazda before his arrest last week: "The party is not doing anything, the government is not doing anything, and the opposition is not doing anything." —By Jamie Murphy, Reported by John Moody/Warsaw



Walesa and Lis, center, before the police broke up their protest march

"Solidarity is alive!" he wrote. "I call upon all union activists to take action now!"

dan Lis, a former Gdansk Solidarity leader, Walesa strode off, and the crowd fell in behind.

Only a few hundred yards away, the marchers encountered a line of policemen stretched single file across the street. Undeterred, Walesa, Lis, about 100 supporters and some foreign newsmen elbowed their way through. Regrouping, the police kept the main body of the demonstrators from advancing. A little farther down the street, the Walesa group pushed through a second police line as the rest of the demonstrators began to chant, "Solidarnosc! Solidarnosc!" By then, Walesa had encountered a third group of police, this time elite ZOMO riot cops; helmeted and armed with batons and shields, the troopers stood several rows deep. Walesa stopped and, dropping his bouquet to the ground, muttered, "Do what you want with this." A riot policeman kicked the flowers away.

What followed amounted to the most serious clash between government forces and Solidarity supporters in more than a year. Wading into the crowd, the police began beating demonstrators

long as it seemed logical to march."

The confrontation came at a time when Poland is mired in political stalemate. The government of General Wojciech Jaruzelski has shown itself incapable of winning the support of more than a fraction—perhaps 10%—of the population; the opposition, still centered in the banned Solidarity movement, is divided over questions of leadership and tactics and lacks the power to force the government into a dialogue. Walesa may have been trying to give the opposition a fresh sense of purpose last week. Before the demonstration he circulated copies of a speech that he planned but was unable to deliver at the monument. "Solidarity is alive!" he wrote. "What we need now is new open action for trade-union pluralism on a national scale. I call upon all union activists to take action now!"

Walesa still commands more respect among workers than any other opposition figure, but his restrained statements have led to charges that rather than leading the opposition he is merely reacting to events. Under pressure from moderates, especially in the church, he has become casual,

FRANCE

The Season of Discontent

Mitterrand's Socialists are divided and dispirited

The exchange well illustrated the divisions that have grown in France's ruling Socialist Party after three years in power. Agriculture Minister Michel Rocard stunned the 700 delegates at the party's annual convention held outside Paris last week by sharply criticizing the administration of Socialist President François Mitterrand for having allowed "a serious breach to develop between the government and the country." A centrist and longtime Mitterrand rival, Rocard called on the party to "broaden its appeal to the whole of the country." Party Secretary Lionel Jospin was quick to reply next morning. He was shocked, he said, that "a member of the government would speak to the discredit of his own Cabinet." Said Jospin: "I agree that we must listen to the voice of the French people, but let us not forget the principles of Socialism, the importance of class differences, and the fact that we belong to the left."

With parliamentary elections less than 18 months away, Mitterrand's Socialist Party is clearly in a deep malaise. In 65 local races over the past two years and in the European Parliament elections last June, voters have registered a dramatic loss of confidence in the Socialist government and, consequently, considerable support has swung to the right-wing opposition. Opinion polls show that if legislative elections were held today, the Socialists would lose, with only about 23% of the vote, which is less than the 27% they claim as their traditional electoral base. Ever since the Communists shattered Mitterrand's vaunted "Union of the Left" by leaving the government last summer, the Socialists have had "to face some hard questions about their own identity," in the words of one diplomat in Paris.

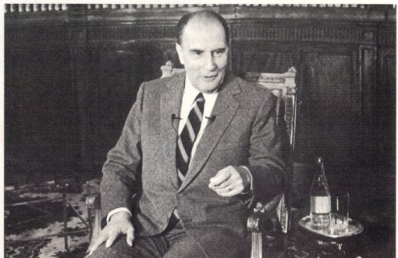
Neither the party nor the country has been able to digest easily Mitterrand's switch in June 1982, from a big-spending economic policy to the current tough austerity program that has reduced inflation to 7% while leaving a record 10.1% French workers unemployed. To many left-wing voters, Mitterrand's about-face seemed a betrayal of Socialist promises and ideals, and was all the more bewildering because the government continued to maintain that its fundamental goals remained unchanged. At the party convention, the debate raged over whether the Socialists should, for example, continue to stress traditional themes like improving social welfare and the lot of workers, or stimulate new private investment through deregulation and budget-cutting; whether to cham-

pion blue collar workers, or reach out to the growing legions of white collar employees in the expanding service sector.

The argument focused on electoral tactics as much as ideology. "It is in not being faithful to these [Socialist] values that we have suffered," declared Education Minister Jean-Pierre Chevènement, leader of the party's left-wing faction. Rocard attacked the government and the party for attempting to push through educational reforms that would have extended state authority over private schools. After more than a million people protested in Paris this past fall, the Socialists

competence had gone virtually unquestioned. After the French withdrew 3,000 paratroopers from Chad between last September and November, Mitterrand discovered that, contrary to the agreement with Gaddafi, a substantial number of Libyan troops remained. A chagrined President was forced to fly to Crete to confront Gaddafi, a move that was denounced by former Premier Maurice Couve de Murville as "the greatest humiliation that France has suffered for a long time." Mitterrand has been hurt as well by public concern over the still simmering separatist revolt in the French Pacific territory of New Caledonia.

Stung by the growing number of his critics, Mitterrand went on national television last week to explain that his foreign policy should be judged by long-range results rather than day-to-day



The President during his national television address to defend his government's foreign policy. A performance aimed at winning a "positive effect" and answering "verbal sideswipes."

scrapped the plan and settled for a series of piecemeal measures. "How could we have failed to see that the real challenge before public education was not the existence of private schools but the declining quality of public instruction?" asked Rocard.

Adding to its self-doubt, the party now faces a threat on an unexpected front: Mitterrand's conduct of foreign affairs. A strong supporter of NATO, an advocate of European cooperation and a defender of France's traditional role in Africa and the Third World, Mitterrand had won at least tacit support for his policies even among his detractors. No longer. The President's attempt to negotiate with Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi for the withdrawal of Libyan troops from Chad led to a fiasco that has hurt Mitterrand's credibility in the one field where his

appearances. Though the opposition remained unconvinced, Roland Cayrol, a pollster for Louis Harris voiced his belief that Mitterrand's performance would produce "a positive effect" on public opinion.

The President's TV defense overshadowed Premier Laurent Fabius' ringing final admonition to the Socialist convention, in which he declared: "It is absolutely essential to avoid turning back, to avoid the reaction sought by the right, which would bring this country economic traumas and social shocks." Fabius asked, "Does this country really want the right to come back?" To its combative Socialist spirit, the Premier challenged two of the opposition leaders, Neo-Gaullist Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac and center-right former Premier Raymond Barre, to television debates. Both declined. With a semblance of party unity restored, delegates could agree on at least one common purpose. As left-wing Socialist Deputy Michel Charzat put it, "The Socialists do not want to lose power." —By Frederick Painton. Reported by Jordan Bonfante and Thomas A. Sancton/Paris



Administration Critic Rocard

1984 IMAGES

Big as Texas, that smile up there on the screen in Dallas. Yessir. Bigger, even. Four years big. Forty-nine states big. Well worth smiling about. So were the Games, even without all those Russian high jumpers and Bulgarian weight lifters and East German Amazons in bathing caps. Maybe *especially* without them? But a smile can go only so far. Then it's back to the real world. The world where the Soviets must be dealt with, as soon as you are sure which Soviets you should be dealing with. The world where assassins prowl, chemical as well as human. The world where wars go on and on. But also the world, don't forget, where babies bring joy and audiences glow at an elf in a white glove and man keeps expanding his horizons, those as far from home as deep space or as close as the cavity of a human chest.



PRESIDENT
REAGAN
WHILE
STUMPING
FOR FOUR
MORE YEARS

““ America is
back, standing
tall. ””

NANCY
REAGAN TO
REPUBLICAN
CONVENTION
IN DALLAS

““ Let's make it
one more for
the Gipper. ””

BILL PIERCE



IMAGES



WALTER MONDALE AFTER A MORE HECTIC CAMPAIGN OUTING THAN THE ONE SHOWN ABOVE

It's like a pile-up on the goal line. Several hundred people trying to get to you. ♪

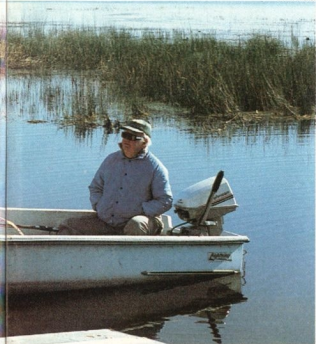
GERALDINE FERRARO AFTER BECOMING FIRST WOMAN NAMED TO TOP OF MAJOR-PARTY TICKET

Vice President—it has such a nice ring to it. ♪

JESSE JACKSON DURING DEMOCRATIC PRIMARIES

Whether I win or lose, American politics will never be the same. ♪

DIANA WALKER



P. F. BENTLEY—PHOTOREPORTERS



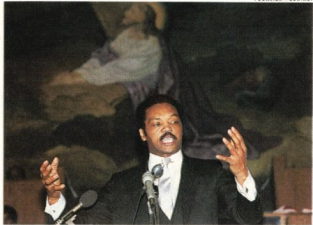
GARY HART
AT THE
NOMINATING
CONVENTION

““ This is one
Hart you will not
leave in San
Francisco. ””

SUPPORTER
OF JOHN
GLENN'S
FUTILE BID
TO BECOME
PRESIDENT

““ He knows
about going to
outer space,
but he does not
know much
about running
a campaign. ””

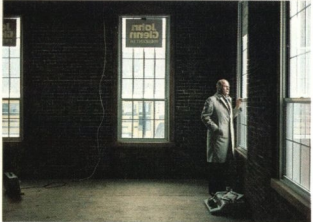
FOURNIER—CONTACT



BURNETT—CONTACT



P. F. BENTLEY—PHOTOREPORTERS







BRITAIN'S
COCKY
DECATHLON
CHAMPION
DALEY
THOMPSON
BEFORE
TRIUMPHING
OVER RIVAL
JÜRGEN
HINGSEN

““ There are only two ways he is going to bring a gold medal home: he'll have to steal mine or win another event. ””

GYMNAST
MARY LOU
RETTON
AFTER THE
PERFECT
VAULT THAT
CLINCHED
OLYMPIC
GOLD MEDAL

““ I knew I had it. Listen, I knew by my run that I had it. I knew it when I was in the air! ””

IMAGES



MARY DECKER AFTER TRIPPING OVER BRITAIN'S ZOLA BUDD DURING OLYMPIC 3,000-METER RUN

“My first thought was, I have to get up. But as soon as I made the slightest move, I felt the muscle tear or pull.”

BRITISH TEAM MANAGER NICK WHITEHEAD ON HIS EFFORT TO CHEER BUDD AFTERWARD

“I just said that it was her first Olympics and she ought to be proud. All she said was, ‘How’s Mary?’”



IMAGES



ANONYMOUS
WESTERNER
AS BODY OF
SOVIET
LEADER
YURI
ANDROPOV
LAY IN STATE

“ An austere
life, an austere
death. ”

SOVIET
SOLDIER AT
ANDROPOV'S
BIER

“ Just as they
found Andropov,
they will find
someone
else. ”

MOSCOW
HOUSEWIFE

“ Andropov
was strict.
Chernenko is
like Brezhnev,
softer. The
Soviet people
need someone
who will make
them work. ”



DIMITRI
SIMES,
EXPERT ON
THE SOVIETS

“We overestimated Andropov. The danger now is underestimating Chernenko.”

IMAGES



PRESIDENT
REAGAN ON
MARINES'
WITHDRAWAL
FROM
LEBANON

““ Our search
was for peace,
and I think we
were right in
doing that. I
don't have any
regret about
having tried. ””

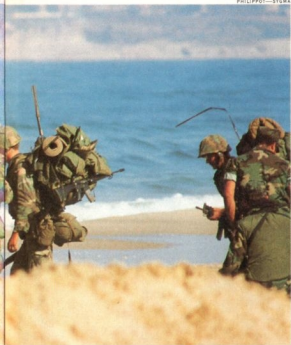
INDIRA
GANDHI
ON NIGHT
BEFORE HER
OWN SIKH
GUARDS
SLEW HER

““ I am not
interested in a
long life. I am
not afraid of
these things. I
don't mind if my
life goes in the
service of this
nation. ””

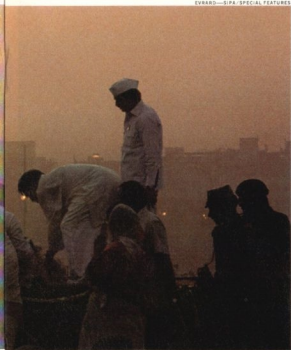
BRITAIN'S
MARGARET
THATCHER
AFTER IRISH
EXTREMISTS
BOMBED HER
HOTEL IN
BRIGHTON

““ All attempts
to destroy
democracy by
terrorism will
fail. It must be
business as
usual. ””

PHILIPPO—SIGMA



EVARD—SIPA SPECIAL FEATURES



PHOTOGRAPHERS' INTERNATIONAL—OUTLINE





WASSERMAN—GAMMA LIAISON



BRITISH
NURSE AT
CAMP IN
ETHIOPIA,
WHERE 6
MILLION
FACE
STARVATION

☠☠ You can tell
who will live and
who will die. The
dying ones have
no light left in
their eyes. ☠☠



FUCCI—SAMMA/USAID



SAGU BI—WAGNER

JOSEPH
CONRAD IN
HEART OF
DARKNESS

““ No fear can stand up to hunger, no patience can wear it out. ””

INDIAN SOLDIER IN BHOPAL, WHERE UNION CARBIDE GAS LEAK KILLED SOME 2,500

““ I thought I had seen everything, but this is worse than war. ””

ANNIE DILLARD IN PILGRIM AT TINKER CREEK

““ We are, all of us, out there on emergency bivouac. ””

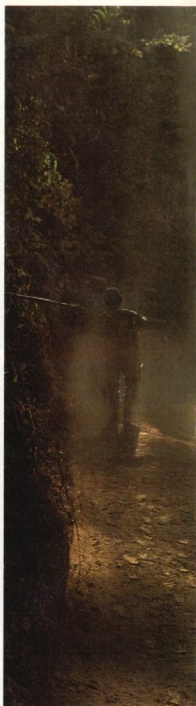
IMAGES



URRACA—STORM



SACHTWEY—BLACK STAR



DANIEL ORTEGA SAAVEDRA, SANDINISTA LEADER. AFTER U.S. HOUSE OPPOSED MINING OF NICARAGUAN WATERS

“We appreciate the efforts [Congress] has made against the undeclared war the U.S. is waging against Nicaragua.”

ANTI-SANDINISTA OFFICIAL AS CONGRESS MOVED TO KILL AID TO CONTRAS

“If the Americans think they can now just say, ‘It was a mistake; let’s all go back home,’ they are wrong.”

REBEL COMMANDER ON HOW HE AIMS TO DEFEAT SALVADORAN GOVERNMENT FORCES

“To beat an army, it is not necessary to annihilate all its men, only to cause the collapse of its morale.”



SALVADOR
PRESIDENT
JOSÉ
NAPOLEÓN
DUARTE
ON REBEL
BOYCOTT OF
ELECTIONS

“Those who
reject the
political process
and remain in
the mountains
will be nothing
more than
outlaws.”

IMAGES



ASTRONAUT
DALE
GARDNER
DURING
DISCOVERY
MISSION
THAT
RETRIEVED
TWO LOST
SATELLITES

“It's harder
than it looks,
just floating
around.”

WILLIAM
SCHROEDER
36 HOURS
AFTER
BECOMING
SECOND
PERSON TO
RECEIVE
PERMANENT
ARTIFICIAL
HEART

“I'd like a
beer.”

USA



STRODE—BLACK STAR FROM HUMANA INC.





SNOWDON

NATION—EPIC SPECIAL FEATURES

EDDORS MURKO



CLARA PELLER IN THAT ALL TOO MEMORABLE PROMO

☛☛ Where's the beef? ☛☛

PRINCE CHARLES ON BIRTH OF HIS AND DIANA'S SECOND SON (WILLIAM'S FIRST BROTHER) HARRY

☛☛ We've nearly got a polo team. ☛☛

HENRY BENSON—PEOPLE



BRITISH
POP ROCKER
BOY
GEORGE

““ What I'm really trying to do is point out that not everything is what it seems. ””

SHIRLEY
MACLAINE
AS SHE
TURNED
50

““ My strongest personality trait is the way I keep unsettling my life when most other people are settling down. ””

DIRECTOR
STEVEN
SPIELBERG
ON
MAGICAL
MICHAEL
JACKSON

““ If E.T. hadn't come to Elliott, he would have come to Michael's house. ””

IMAGES



THE
PRESIDENT
AFTER
GETTING HIS
FOUR MORE
YEARS

“Lame duck?
I'll put a cast on
that lame leg,
and that will
make a heck of
a kicking leg.”

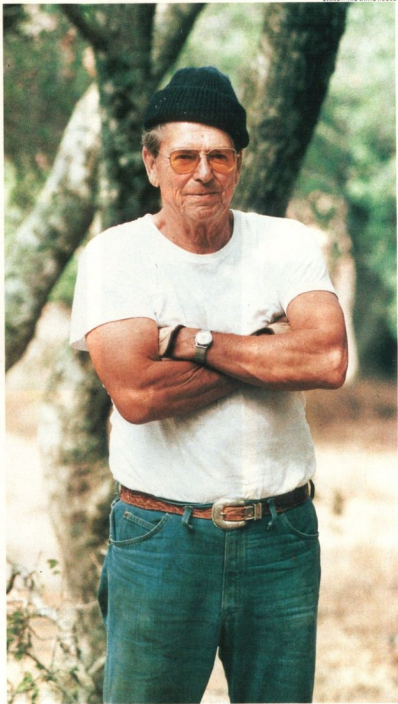
PLACARD
HELD BY
SENIOR
CITIZEN AT
REAGAN
RALLY

“Ronnie's
not getting
older, he's
getting
better.”

BOUZA—THE WHITE HOUSE



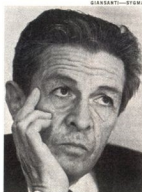
EVANS—THE WHITE HOUSE



IMAGES
FAREWELL



DAVID HUME KENNERLY



GIANFRANCO SOTGIU



HARRY BENSON—PEOPLE



WALTER BENNETT



GABOR LAJOS



DIANA WALKER



FISHMAN—CONTACT



THEVENIN—SIPA/SPECIAL FEATURES



DFI—BETTWARE

ANSEL ADAMS, 82
Photographer

"You don't take a photograph, you make it. Expression is the strongest way of seeing."

GEORGE AIKEN, 92
Senator, Vermont Governor

His famed 1966 formula for bringing a divisive war to an end:
"The way to get out of Viet Nam is to declare victory and leave."

WILLIAM ("COUNT") BASIE, 79
Jazz Composer, Pianist

"Man, all we're trying to do is make the music swing."

ENRICO BERLINGUER, 62
Italian Communist Leader

"We have never believed that one single party, or single class, can solve the problems of our country."

ELLSWORTH BUNKER, 90
Diplomat

"I have always assumed that my country was fundamentally right in its dealings with others."

RICHARD BURTON, 58
Actor

"I rather like my reputation . . . a spoiled genius from the Welsh gutter, a drunk, a womanizer. It's rather an attractive image."

TRUMAN CAPOTE, 59
Writer

"I'm an alcoholic. I'm a drug addict. I'm a homosexual. I'm a genius."

FRANK CHURCH, 59
Senator from Idaho

"Somehow, some day, this country has got to learn to live with revolution in the Third World."

MARK CLARK, 87
Soldier

Recalling the goal of his Fifth Army during World War II:
"We not only wanted the honor of capturing Rome, but we felt that we more than deserved it."

MILLER—LOMA LINDA UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER



BEGAN—CAMERA 8



TED THAI



BABY FAE, 32 days
Heart Xenograft Patient

Dr. Leonard Bailey, who replaced her ailing heart with a baboon's, to critics:

"They weren't watching babies die."

JAMES FIXX, 52
Running Guru

"Heart attacks, while not unknown in trained runners, are so rare as to be of negligible probability."

GEORGE GALLUP, 82
Pollster

To criticism that opinion surveys exert undue influence:

"One might as well insist that a thermometer makes the weather."

EMERSON—STOMA



THOMAS VICTOR



TOM HOLLYMAN



MARVIN GAYE, 44
Soul Singer-Writer

"I am good-looking, intelligent, articulate, arrogant and an artist."

LILLIAN HELLMAN, 79
Writer

In a 1952 letter saying she would not name names to the House Un-American Activities Committee:

"I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions."

ALFRED KNOPF, 91
Publisher

"It costs no more to put out a handsome book than an ugly one. Few people these days seem to care."

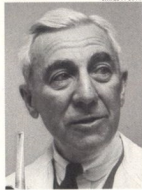
VINCE STREAKO



WOLFF—BLACK STAR



JAMES F. COYNE



RAY KROC, 81
Entrepreneur

How a Harvard Business School prof described the McDonald's man:

"The service sector's equivalent of Henry Ford."

ETHEL MERMAN, 75
Singer

"Broadway has been very good to me—but then, I've been very good to Broadway."

JOHN ROCK, 94
Developer of the Pill

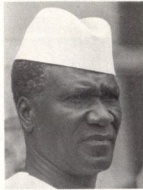
On the population explosion:

"If we don't solve this problem, none of our other problems make any difference."

GIBREY—GAMMA/LIAISON



FRANCOISE—GAMMA/LIAISON



DOMINIQUE LE BIGOLEUR



IRWIN SHAW, 71
Writer

"I sweat over every word, but I'm glad it doesn't show."

SEKOU TOURE, 62
President of Guinea

Rejecting Charles de Gaulle's 1958 invitation to join the community of former French colonies:

"We prefer poverty in liberty to riches in slavery."

FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT, 52
Film Maker

"Everyone who works in the domain of fiction is a bit crazy. The problem is to render this craziness interesting."

PRESENTING
STERLING



Available in Regular
and Menthol.

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LIKE PORSCHE IS ONLY A CAR.

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Economy & Business

A Wealth of Upbeat Signals

Evidence mounts that the doldrums are finally coming to an end

New Year's Eve revelry began early for the U.S. economy last week. It arrived amid growing signs that the economic doldrums of the past six months are coming to an end. The mounting evidence strongly enhanced the holiday mood. Said Edward Yardeni, chief economist for Prudential-Bache: "There is no reason to fear a recession."

The loudest cheers over the brightening outlook came from Wall Street, where stocks had been sliding. On Tuesday the bulls broke loose again: the Dow Jones industrial average jumped 34.78 points, to record its best gain since Aug. 3; and more than 169 million shares changed hands on the New York Stock Exchange, making it the sixth heaviest trading day ever. Said Harry Laubscher, a Paine Webber market analyst: "The bears had Thanksgiving, the bulls Christmas." After the big jump, profit takers moved in, and the market dropped for three straight days. Nonetheless, the Dow Jones average ended the week at 1198.98, up 23.07 points.

Investors were largely responding to a slide in interest rates. The key federal funds rate, which banks charge one another for overnight loans, fell more than a percentage point Tuesday, to around 6.65%. The interest on Treasury bills also tumbled. Encouraged by such declines, Manufacturers Hanover and Bankers Trust cut their prime rate from 11¼% to 10¾%, the lowest level in 16 months.

The falling cost of borrowing reflects the Federal Reserve Board's willingness to increase the money supply and keep the recovery rolling. "The Fed is taking extraordinary steps to ensure that the economy picks up momentum," said Wayne Lyski, a vice president of Alliance Capital Management Corp. Members of the Open Market Committee, the Fed's policymaking arm, met behind closed doors early in the week to discuss monetary strategy. On Friday after the stock market closed, the Federal Reserve lowered the rate it charges on loans to commercial banks, from 8½% to 8%. The Fed was charging 9% for such discount-rate lending a little more than a month ago.

The economy sent out encouraging signals of its own last week. The Commerce Department estimated that the gross national product grew 2.8% during the fourth quarter. That so-called flash figure exceeded expectations that growth would be in the 1.5%-to-2.5% range. At the same time, Commerce underscored the sharpness of the third-quarter slow-



Holiday shoppers crowding the aisles to hunt for gifts and bargains at Macy's in New York City. The Federal Reserve is trying to keep the recovery rolling.

down by adjusting its estimate of that period's G.N.P. gain from 1.9% to 1.6%. The Government also reported that the November consumer price index rose at an annual rate of 2.7%, the smallest increase since June. Meanwhile, Americans' personal income rose a vigorous .7% in November, while consumer spending climbed a healthy .9%.

The economy, though, is hardly free of problems. The mountainous budget deficit, which is now more than \$200 billion a year, remains a long-term menace. Another deficit—the shortfall between the amount of goods the U.S. imports and what it exports—also seems out of control. The Commerce Department reported last week that one sign of the trade gap, the current account deficit, swelled by a record \$32.9 billion in the third quarter.

The widening trade shortfall damages U.S. companies and arouses increasingly strident calls for protection. The Reagan Administration heeded one of the shrillest last week by announcing voluntary restraints on steel imports. It reached an agreement with seven nations, including Japan, Korea, Mexico and Brazil, that will help to shrink the foreign share of the U.S. market for steel from 26% to 18.5% during the next five years. Reagan promised American steel producers be-

fore the election that he would negotiate the cutbacks.

The long-term economic outlook also brightened last week because of OPEC, which met in Geneva in another effort to defend its sagging oil prices. During the 1970s, the upward pressure that the group exerted on energy costs was a major cause of world inflation. Now, however, OPEC's official contract price of \$29 per bbl. is regularly undercut by several dollars on the spot market, where an increasing amount of the world's crude is traded on the basis of supply and demand. Britain and Norway, two important OPEC competitors, have already begun to peg their prices to the spot market.

Beset by such problems, OPEC ministers spent much of their time blaming one another for cheating on prices and exceeding production quotas. They then recessed until after Christmas, when they plan to come together to devise a tougher system for policing agreements among themselves. Some experts who followed last week's session feared that OPEC's troubles could ignite a price war that would disrupt the world economy by suddenly sending oil as low as \$20 per bbl. For now, though, the cartel's woes seemed just one more cause for year-end jubilation.

—By John Greenwald, Reported by Lawrence Malkin/Geneva and Raji Samghabadi/New York

The Corks Are Apoppin'

For wine makers, everything that sparkles is gold

Clink, clink, clink. My fellow champagne makers, may I have your attention? Let us raise our glasses to 1984, the best year in our history, and to the U.S. consumer, who has developed a passion for our product! Our noble wine has now become mother's milk for yuppies.

If the makers of champagne and its fizzy-alikes were to assemble for a party this week, it would be a frothy scene indeed. Their business is enjoying cork-popping growth at a time when liquor, beer and table wines have sluggish or declining revenues. Sparkling-wine sales have bubbled up to \$1.7 billion this year, 34% more than in 1983. Exports of French champagne to the U.S. this year grew at the same effervescent pace and exceeded 1 million cases for the first time. With New Year's Eve approaching, France's Moët-Hennessy two weeks ago flew an additional 24,000 bottles of its prestige brand Dom Pérignon (retail price: about \$40) to New York City. "Business has always been good, but lately it is exploding," says Gary Heck, chairman of California's F. Korbel & Bros., an industry leader. "Americans are all buying bubbles."

No one has benefited more than the French from the new thirst for chic sparklers. Genuine champagne comes only from grapes grown on 70,000 acres of chalky soil near Reims, France. It was there that Dom Pérignon, a 17th century Benedictine monk, perfected the slow, expensive *méthode champenoise* that creates the carbon-dioxide fizz by fermenting wine a second time inside the bottle. Until a few years ago, U.S. consumers regarded France's

pricey bubbly as an indulgence reserved for weddings, New Year's Eve parties and World Series locker rooms. But the current strength of the dollar has brought French brands within easier reach of the average American. Mumm's Cordon Rouge and Perrier-Jouët's Grand Brut, both priced at about \$20 two years ago, now sell in the U.S. for as little as \$13.

Wine makers across Europe and America are helping to quench demand for the real thing by duplicating *la méthode champenoise*. Two Spanish brands, Freixenet and Codorniu, have been produced

according to the French technique since the 19th century. Freixenet's Cordon Negro, known for its distinctive black bottle, and Codorniu's Brut Classico both sell for about \$6, yet critics have compared them favorably with French brands costing twice as much. Freixenet's shipments to the U.S. have grown from 540,000 bottles in 1979 to an estimated 9 million this year.

Since the American still-wine business has gone flat in recent years, American wine makers have rushed into the fizz biz. Recent entries include Sebastiani and Iron Horse. The U.S. now has more than 100 brands of domestic sparkling wine, up from 56 in 1979. Schramsberg, the highly regarded Napa Valley brand that President Reagan served last spring at an official dinner in China, expects to sell some 28,000 cases of sparkling wine in 1984, 17% more than last year. Two of France's leading champagne producers, Moët-Hennessy and Piper-Heidsieck, have established wineries in California, where they turn out well-regarded prod-

ucts priced in the \$8-to-\$10 range.

The quintessential sparkling-wine buyer is not some character out of *Dynasty* but the status-seeking baby boomer.

Says Clint Rodenberg, marketing vice president for Schieffelin, the U.S. importer of Moët & Chandon: "The yuppies are bored with white wine as a cocktail. They grew up on carbonated beverages, so it is not surprising they have developed a taste for the bubbly." Oakland Sculptor Ruth Boerefijn now sips champagne at least twice a month, compared with only twice annually in the past. Says she: "Pasta is out. Champagne is in. It's in the air." Linda Ondayko, a custom tailor in San Francisco, concurs: "My favorite wine always has bubbles in it. It implies festivity."

Savvy restaurateurs have boosted the trend by promoting champagne with breakfast and business lunches. Says Philippe Court, sales director of France's Taittinger brand: "People are beginning to realize that the best time to have champagne is at 10 in the morning, or as an aperitif, when the palate is still fresh." Meanwhile, the champagne-only bar has become one of the trendiest themes in the nightclub business. The two Nipper's discos in Beverly Hills and Santa Barbara, Calif., open a bottle every 45 seconds, serving 73 varieties of bubbly ranging in price from \$3.75 for a glass of house champagne to \$3,300 for a bottle of 1914 Moët & Chandon Brut Imperial. Nipper's is planning to open new champagne bars in Dallas, Chicago and New York City.

The sparkling-wine market in the U.S. should have plenty of growth yet to come. The French consume two bottles per person annually, while the British down one every five years. The laggard American still drinks an average of only one bottle every 20 years.

—By Stephen Koopp.
Reported by Charles Pelton/San Francisco and Ellen Wallace/Paris



Light Fingers

Thieves within and without

As the Christmas shopping season reaches a climax this week, retailers will be totting up more than sales. Gone from their shelves will also be millions of dollars' worth of goods that no one paid for. The total amount of shoplifting this year could go as high as \$8 billion. Says Gary Rejebian, spokesman for the Illinois Retail Merchants Association: "Shoplifting causes the greatest losses for a retailer."

Stores are paying more attention than ever to light-fingered crime. Spending for anti-theft devices has gone up about 18% in the past year. The most popular anti-crime item is a plastic tag about the size of a pocket comb that stores are putting on everything from dresses to fur coats. The

shoplifters won't risk entanglement with a store detective." Merchants say when word gets out that a store is tough on shoplifters, thefts drop off.

Police and retailers are getting to know more and more about shoplifting and shoplifters. The biggest group of criminals, say the experts, are store employees, especially temporary Christmas salespeople who have little or no loyalty to their employer. A new study by Arthur Young & Co., a major accounting firm, shows that employees account for 44% of store thefts, while 30% is done by outside shoplifters. The urge to steal from stores cuts across class lines, seducing almost everyone from bored housewives to lawyers. The typical offender is the run-of-the-aisle customer who steals one or two items. Says Sensoromatic President Ronald Assaf: "They're the ones who cause the real problems." Teen-agers and members of minority



Security officer at Marshall Field's in Chicago scanning a battery of TV monitors for shoplifters. The best defenses are alert store employees and a reputation for being tough on violators.

tags, which can be conveniently removed only by a special tool, set off an alarm when they pass through a sensing device that is usually located at exits. Criminals frequently try to cover up the tags with aluminum foil to fool the detection machines, or even bite off the devices. Sensoromatic of Boca Raton, Fla., has some 200 million tags in 40,000 detection systems in stores around the world. Shops originally hid the tags inside each piece of merchandise, but the devices were being caught. Retailers now generally pin them on the outside of garments so that they will just deter would-be thieves.

Remote cameras, which have been in use for more than a decade, remain a successful piece of equipment for catching thieves. At Marshall Field's in Chicago a guard monitors a bank of 39 closed-circuit television screens watching for shoplifters. He is also in radio contact with guards on the floor so that a thief can be caught before slipping out of the store.

The best defense against shoplifters, though, is still alert employees. Says Albert Zarets, president of A-Z Investigative Services of New York City: "Most

groups do their share of filching too, but not as much as had been thought. Says Assaf: "Not many teens shop in places where they could lift a \$125 scarf."

Professional shoplifters, who are a major factor, usually work in teams. One person distracts the clerk and watches for store detectives, while the other pockets the booty. Professionals frequently steal targeted items and then sell them to people who have ordered them. A favorite is jewelry. Some professionals have been caught with detailed maps of a city's shopping areas, showing stores and the best times to make a hit.

Retailers are having some success in nabbing shoplifters. The Arthur Young study showed that thanks to antishoplifting devices and diligent controls, stealing this year is down 10% from 1983. Last year 700,000 people were arrested for shoplifting. But Peter Berlin, who publishes a newsletter about shoplifting for the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse, says that only one thief in ten is prosecuted. Because of the high cost of trying cases, most stores usually just drop them.

—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Raj Sanghabadi/New York and Don Winbush/Chicago

Sayonara

Japan breaks up a monopoly

In the U.S. Britain and now Japan, 1984 has been the twilight year for telephone giants. First, on New Year's Day the breakup of American Telephone & Telegraph became effective. Then, in early December, Britain sold majority control of the government-owned British Telecom to private investors in the largest stock sale ever. Last week the Japanese Diet joined the trend. It voted to end the state monopoly of Nippon Telegraph and Telephone (fiscal 1983 sales: \$18.4 billion), the country's phone company. Beginning in April the government will offer half of NTT's shares for sale over a five-year period, and could eventually sell up to two-thirds of the stock. The firm will immediately become Japan's largest private employer, with 318,000 workers—six times the work force of Toyota.

The move will throw open the tightly controlled Japanese telecommunications industry to foreign companies. Said Harry Edelson, managing partner of Edelson Technology, a venture-capital firm: "It's equivalent to opening up the U.S. postal system to competition." Japanese and foreign firms will be able to sell products and services that until now have been the exclusive province of NTT. Corporate powerhouses like the Japan Highway Public Corp. (1983 sales: \$2.9 billion) already plan to offer long-distance services. Kyocera, an electronic-products company, intends to build microwave transmission systems.

American companies should gradually benefit from the spin-off, but experts warn them not to expect too much too soon. "U.S. firms won't be able to make a quick killing," says Fritz Ringling, an industry analyst with the Gartner Group. "The Japanese are looking for long-term relationships, not short-term flings." Among the American companies eager to expand their telecommunications activities in Japan are IBM and AT & T. Both have formed ventures with Japanese partners to develop telecommunications networks that will link computers together.

The U.S. Government will be closely watching the NTT spin-off. Washington has long urged Tokyo to open the important telecommunications market to American companies. This year Japan is exporting some \$38 billion more to the U.S. than it is buying from Americans. Telecommunications sales account for \$1.2 billion of that gap. Said U.S. Trade Representative William Brock: "If fairly implemented, this legislation could result in a significant market opening."

The breakup of NTT's monopoly could prove a boon to Japanese telephone users. The 32-year-old NTT has been slow to innovate, sometimes leaving customers with costly service. The price for a call between Tokyo and Osaka, which is currently 40¢ for 45 seconds, could soon be slashed in half.

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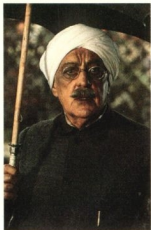
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Guinness as the Hindu Godbole



Davis as the awakening Adela



Banerjee as the eager Aziz




Ashcroft as the uncanny Mrs. Moore

Cinema

COVER STORIES

A Superb Passage to India

David Lean's first film in 14 years is a daring triumph for an old master

 Bombay, some time in the 1920s. Military band music. Massed cavalry. Mobs of the curious, somehow menacing in their vastness. The Viceroy and his lady are returning from England to India. As they pass through a great ceremonial arch, it fills the screen, dwarfing them and casting them, as symbols of an empire's transitory pomp, into the subcontinent's timeless perspective.

Night. A train bearing more modest English visitors, Adela Quested and Mrs. Moore, chuffs and hoots across the plains. They are on their way to visit the latter's son in Chandrapore, where he serves the British raj as city magistrate. Adela, plain but secretly a spirited young woman, contemplates marrying him. But in her berth she dreams vaguely of adventure, of discovering what she likes to call "the real India." Outside, the real India broods enigmatically, and we see the train from another of the subcontinent's perspectives, as a tiny toy almost lost at its feet. In the shadowy foreground of these shots loom India's temples and palaces, symbols of its several cultures and religions, of a history—a maddeningly complex reality—impenetrable to the passing stranger.

Morning, some weeks later. Miss Quested has found her adventure, her brief and, as it will happen, terrifying glimpse of Indian reality. A young Muslim physician, Dr. Aziz, has mounted an excursion to the Marabar Caves, in the hills beyond Chandrapore, for the two English ladies. To transport them in style he has

laid on a huge retinue of servants and an elephant. "An old, old animal, an ancient, ancient animal, plodding on almost back into the past," is how the man who made the film describes the creature. But even this great beast and the train of servants stretching out behind it are reduced to insignificance by the featureless rocks that tower above them along the way.

These are awesome images, astonishing images. But in the superb film that David Lean has made from E.M. Forster's sublime novel *A Passage to India*, their function far transcends the purely pictorial. In Lean's cinema there is no such thing as an idle shot, something that survives to the final cut merely because it is striking in its beauty or novel in its impact. Particularly in the Lean films that people conventionally but mistakenly identify as "epics" or "spectacles"—movies like *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Doctor Zhivago*—the largest weight of his meaning is carried not by dialogue but by images, and by his manner of juxtaposing them in the editing.

This is perhaps truer than ever in *Passage*. Like Forster, Lean uses India not just as a colorful and exotic setting but as a decisive force in shaping the story he is telling, almost as a character. And as a resonant symbol of the unknowable and chaotic universe everyone inhabits; of the unknowable and chaotic inner life that inhabits everyone. Those images in which man's pretensions to power, to mastery over self and fate, are trivialized, swallowed up in the vastness of the Indian

earth and sky, are careful, conscious efforts to express the film's theme visually without stating it flatly, in words.

This is a daring strategy, especially since Lean is not a man who likes to explain what he is doing, much less call attention to his command of technique or to his personality or creative philosophy. He is assuredly an *auteur*, but not one who uses that status to gain entrée to the talk shows and the rest of celebrity's dubious glories. Nevertheless, *Passage* has been doing excellent business in the three cities where it has opened in the past two weeks—New York, Los Angeles and Toronto—and it is already being recognized as a major achievement. The New York Film Critics Circle last week named *Passage* the best movie and Lean the best director of the year. This bodes well not only for commercial success as the film begins to open more widely, but also for Oscar nominations in February.

So Lean's risky enterprise appears likely to pay off handsomely. But make no mistake: it was probably the most audacious chance yet taken by this 76-year-old director, whose movie career and stylistic roots go back to the days of silent film, which coincide roughly with the period in which Forster's novel was finished.

As with all movies, the gamble was partly economic, but not primarily so. In fact, at a time when the merely average movie, nowhere near as long (2 hr. 43 min.), complex or striking to look at, costs about \$11 million, and in a year when competing pictures like *Dune* and *The Cotton Club* ran

uptabs in the \$50 million range. *Passage*, at around \$16 million, seems like a bargain. Its budget is a tribute to an ascetic director's waste-not-want-not ability to visualize precisely what he wants on paper, then put it on film efficiently and economically.

No, the real risk was one of the spirit rather than the purse. For Lean had not made a movie since 1970, when he completed the critically and financially disappointing *Ryan's Daughter*. He passed some of the ensuing years in bitterness, wounded by reviewers who so often tend to listen to movies more intently than they look at them, thus missing much of his special grace and subtlety. Some of his time was wasted on a two-part retelling of the saga of Captain Bligh and the *Bounty*, which its producer either could not or would not finance in its full power and glory. Since his current producers, John Brabourne and Richard Goodwin, had almost as much trouble rounding up the money for *Passage*, Lean's cold contempt for movie magnates might even exceed his ire at critics.

For a man like him, austere and passionate, to attempt a comeback after these misadventures, and at his age, was an act of extraordinary creative nerve. To do so with an adaptation of a book that, however beguiling its surfaces, has been a conundrum for readers ever since its publication 60 years ago, was flirting dangerously with calamity. After all, a novel that speaks in a quiet adult voice, and that proceeds from delicate ironies to the contemplation of metaphysical mysteries, is not your customary movie property. That Lean has brought this essentially schizoid work to the screen with such sureness, elegance and hypnotic force is akin to a miracle.

The problem the novel presents to an adapter lies in a "trick" (Forster's own word) of design, a conscious separation of the meaning of the tale from its main narrative line. That narrative, richly peopled with types Forster encountered on two long trips to India, is quite straightforward. Psychologically, the point on which it is poised is the suppressed emotional tipsiness of Adela Quested. As played in the movie by Australian Actress Judy Davis, Adela is dull at first glance but with a wild surmise glowing in her eyes, her gestures half formed, alternately acknowledging and denying the curious new telegraphy that India is dot-dashing through her ganglia. She *will* have her adventure! She *will* touch, as the Anglo-Indians keep refusing to, Indian reality! And she will do so despite the warnings of her fiancé (Nigel Havers, who does the impossible by making priggishness sympathetic).

Adela gains her opportunity through another Englishman, Mr. Fielding, principal of the local school, who is gracefully played by James Fox to represent the better side of Englishness: liberal and reason-

The excursion to Marabar: symbolizing our unknowable and chaotic inner life



able, humane and humorous. Fielding introduces Adela to her balancing (and ultimately unbalancing) Indian opposite, Dr. Aziz. In Victor Banerjee's electrifying performance, Aziz is eager to please and quick to anger, a bundle of nerves ricocheting wildly through the film. He is just naive and self-absorbed enough not to perceive Adela's vulnerable state. He fails to understand that the Marabar Caves are more than a tourist attraction to be undertaken lightly, that they have an almost palpable oppressive symbolic weight.

The caves. What actually happens when Aziz and Adela separate from the rest of their party and go off alone to explore the remotest of them? This is the question that everyone, from humble English-lit student to magisterial critic, has been pondering since Forster published in 1924. All we know is that on the trek to them the conversation between man and woman drifts uncomfortably toward matters of the heart, that they enter different caves, that Adela becomes frightened and disoriented as the result of an echo she hears, and that suddenly she is stumbling hysterically back down the hill, giving the distinct impression that she has been assaulted. What we will never know is whether Aziz followed her into her cave and made sexual advances to her or whether the whole thing was a hallucination. The movie, following Forster, seems to imply Aziz's innocence. But even after a trial, which almost brings the English and the Indians into violent confrontation, even after Adela recants her accusation, no one can be certain.

That is because though the point may seem crucial to the narrative, it is actually insignificant thematically. What is important is, of all things, the echo. "Boum" is the sound as far as the human alphabet can express it, or "bou-oum," or "ou-boum"—utterly dull," is the way Forster rather unhelpfully describes it. Yet symbolically it meant everything to him. For in his view the universe was a hopeless "muddle," and India, in its vastness and variety, was the dangerous and seductive symbol of that universe. Finally, the echo, with its capacity to undermine one's hold on reason, to reduce everything, the good and the bad, to the same level of meaninglessness, symbolized India. The echo, in the novel, speaks thus: "Pathos, piety, courage—they exist, but are identical, and so is filth. Everything exists, nothing has value." If one had spoken vileness in that place, or quoted



Davis fleeing the caves: a dreadful disorienting power made manifest



Fox as Mr. Fielding, above, and Banerjee sturting: echoes, echoes



lofty poetry, the comment would have been the same—"ou-boum."

Only two characters understand the dreadful disorienting power made manifest by the echo, and their answer to it is withdrawal from the world. One is a Hindu sage, Professor Godbole, a lively cricketer of a man, hopping to some music only the brilliant Alec Guinness can hear. As Fielding busies himself with Aziz's defense, Godbole's comment is merely "You can do what you like, but the outcome will be the same." The other is Mrs. Moore, Adela's traveling companion, almost comically regal at some moments, uncannily vulnerable in others, but always touched by mystery as Peggy Ashcroft delicately plays her. Mrs. Moore enters only one cave, then reels out of it, having confronted her own mortality. Later, when people try to draw her back into the middle to testify at Aziz's trial, she escapes by booking passage home: "Love in a cave, as if there is the least difference, and I held up from my business over such trifles. Nothing I say or do will make the slightest difference."

Mrs. Moore and Godbole are the last of the film's matched pairs, and narratively the least important of them. But it is in their almost haughty indifference to the mundane and reasonable that the story's meaning is vested. And it is in them that Lean's art reaches its subtlest heights. They scarcely exchange a word, but they silently signal to each other from cut to cut, across vales of karma, achieving a communion that none of the other characters, for all their talk, ever do. In a way, they could be said to resonate to each other, echo each other.

Echoes, echoes. The critic Lionel Trilling described the novel as "a book which is contrived of echoes." The movie, if it were to achieve the kind of spiritual, as opposed to literal, faithfulness to its source that Lean aspired to, had to be a thing of echoes too—but visual, not auditory, echoes. Image reverberates to image endlessly in this film. The early shots of the great arch and the little train lost in the huge landscape propose the film's overarching theme—India as mysterious and maddening cavern—and then Lean starts the echoes rolling through it. When Mrs. Moore meets Aziz for the first time, the moon is reflected cool and tiny in a shimmering pool. It does not appear again until she has heard the fateful voice of the caves. Then, suddenly, it looms large over the shoulder of a forbidding monolith, itself reminiscent of a moonscape.

Cinema

The Man Behind the First Passage

When Adela begins to awaken to her own sexuality, it is at a temple covered with erotic statuary and guarded by a large troop of anarchically aggressive monkeys. Later, going to testify at Aziz's trial, she must drive through a crowd raging at her, and a man in a monkey costume leaps on her car, pressing his face menacingly against the window. Is it this echo that impels her to testify that she was the victim of a hallucination and thus free Aziz from his anguish? The movie is silent on the point, allowing us to make what we will of the image.

Then there is the matter of the bouquet. Very early in the film Adela is given one by her fiancé as he welcomes her to Chandrapur. Very late in the film, the throbbing engines of a ship bearing Mrs. Moore homeward take on the tone and pitch of the cave's echo, and she dies. When she is buried at sea, an anonymous passenger throws a bouquet like Adela's into the water as the body slides under the waves. Echoes, echoes.

Paradoxically, the care with which Lean lets such intricately wrought correspondences speak for themselves creates a danger that the partially attentive may again mistake him for what he is not: an empty pictorialist. Or, because his characters wear costumes and move against an authentic historical background, in classically composed scenes that do not obviously assert his personality or linger over his cleverness, some people may persist in seeing him as an old-fashioned moviemaker.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Most of his films, intimate or expansive in scale, return obsessively to the same theme: a lone individual voyages out from familiar surroundings into exotic ones. These characters are tested (as Lean has liked to test himself on the far-flung locations of his wandering life), forced to examine their assumptions about themselves, the world, their places in it. All of them must affirm their humanity against the indifference—the middle—of whatever corner of the unhelpful universe they find themselves. All discover, sooner or later, happily or unhappily, that their original certainties require radical revision.

This, finally, is what the echoes in *A Passage to India* are whispering and thundering. In his 82nd year, Forster was still insisting on that point. No, he said, responding testily to reviews of a theatrical adaptation of his book, it was not merely about the incompatibility of East and West. It was about "the difficulty of living in the universe." In other words, it was, among other things, a David Lean movie waiting to be made. And now we have it, sober and witty, subtle yet eminently approachable. It is a movie both true to its source and true to the highest imperatives of its own medium. Above all, it is true to our sense of the world as it echoes in the common consciousness of our times.

—By Richard Schickel

Edward Morgan Forster might now be remembered as an Edwardian novelist of great promise and slender accomplishment. Two acts rescued him from such oblivion. He wrote *A Passage to India* (1924), a novel that not only surprised friends who thought he had dried up as an author but also made him world famous. And he lived for 91 years, well beyond such contemporaries as James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf. To a remarkable degree, Forster ensured his claim on posterity by outlasting it.

No one could have predicted such longevity for the infant Forster, least of all his formidable mother Lily. Her first baby had died at birth. The second, born on New Year's Day in 1879, survived, but his father was dead of tuberculosis 22 months later. Lily and a clutch of female relatives and friends conspired to keep young Edward from all harm; they mercifully spoiled him, referred to him as "the Important One" in his presence and left him unprepared for the schoolboys who later called him "Mousie" instead.

The coddled, shy young man had a better time of it at turn-of-the-century Cambridge. Forster left King's College with middling degrees in classics and history and with the reluctant realization, after four stimulating years of intellectual fellowship, that he was homosexual. A legacy from a deceased aunt made job hunting unnecessary, which probably spared the world some comic encounters. For Forster at that period seemed qualified to do nothing but stumble and dream.

On a postgraduate tour of Italy with his mother, he sprained an ankle and broke an arm. Lily was forced to bathe her incapacitated son, to her evident enjoyment. She wrote a relative: "He looks splendid now I do him." Forster accepted such smothering care without open complaint. Indeed, he shared the feeling that he was an incompetent in worldly matters. During his 20s, he astonished a friend by stating his belief that telephone wires were hollow. Not even the publication of his first novel, *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1905), could persuade some acquaintances that he had grown up at last. "His novel is really not good," lamented a friend of one of his aunts. "I very much hope he will turn to something else, though I am sure I don't know what."

Neither did Forster, who kept on writing, driven by appreciative reviews and inner necessity. In varying forms, *The Longest Journey* (1907), *A Room with a View* (1908) and *Howards End* (1910) all constituted a subtle rebellion from the tyranny of his mother and her circle, the comfortable middle-class English world of suburban villas and careful class distinctions. Against such strangled values, the son set a fictional vision of the free discourse he had enjoyed at Cambridge, coupled with the warm sensuality he had glimpsed during travels in Italy and Greece.

"Only Connect" was Forster's epigraph for *Howards End*, a plea to unite civilized ponds with subterranean wells of feeling. Unfortunately, he had no exact idea until age 30 of how men and women made love, a defect that Author Katherine Mansfield tartly noted in *Howards End*: "I can never be perfectly certain whether Helen was got with child by Leonard Bast or by his fatal forgotten umbrella. All things considered, I think it must have been the umbrella."

Forster then wrote *Maurice*, a homosexual novel, but knew he could not publish it; it appeared posthumously in 1971. His private life gradually grew less restrictive. He made two visits to India, drawn there by his affection for a young Muslim he had tutored in England. Working for the Red Cross in Egypt during World War I, he finally shed his timidity and had a physical affair with a man. These tentative meetings of West and East ultimately led to *A Passage to India*.

His remaining 46 years were largely happy, although he wrote no more novels. Life finally gave him the satisfactions he once had to imagine in fiction. People joked that Forster became more renowned with every book he did not write. Yet he spoke out vigorously against censorship and in favor of civil liberties. His best-known statement during these years caused controversy: "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friends, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." The distinction between friends and fellow citizens is, as some have pointed out, too facile. But Forster's insistence that ideals can grow only through individual acts of sympathy and caring was typical of his character, his books and his long, gentle life.

—By Paul Gray



E.M. Forster

Adventures in the Dream Department

David Lean: "It's a wonderful thing, you know, going to strange places"



Against the advice of his astrologer, who had warned that it was not an auspicious day to travel, Victor Banerjee left Calcutta for New Delhi—on the ides of March—hoping for the role of his life.

In the hotel lobby, a producer, reckoning with Banerjee's chain-smoking, thought it politic to mention that the director had sworn off cigarettes. Banerjee, with copy of the *Passage to India* script in hand and struggling to manage, besides, a whole portfolio of dreams, began to appreciate the merits of a smokeless interview.

The man who made *Lawrence of Arabia* opened the door of the suite, and Banerjee saw at once what everyone immediately notices about David Lean: the strong, handsome lines of the face, the certain set of the jaw, the strength. And the eyes, glistening blue, that never look away. "Eyes like the sea on a cold day," an actress said long ago, adding quickly, "but not the Mediterranean."

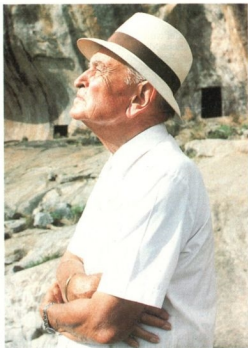
Banerjee thought of everything he wanted to say and ask about *Lawrence*, and about *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, *Great Expectations*, *Doctor Zhivago*, *Oliver Twist*, *Brief Encounter*, *Breaking the Sound Barrier*, *Ryan's Daughter* and all the rest: all that he could tell the director about buying the cheapest seats in the cinema so he could afford to come back and see the films over again; all that he could thank him for. But he remembered he was calling about a job, and under such circumstances, compliments can be veiled solicitations. So he said a simple hello and stepped into the room.

Lean spoke idly, about the pollution that would make it impossible to shoot a single scene in Delhi, about a trunkful of manuscripts that was, somehow, adrift in the Victorian vastness of the Taj Mahal Hotel. Banerjee struggled to keep up his end of the chat. He was dying for a smoke, desperate to talk about the script. He summoned his courage and brought up a scene he particularly liked. Lean seemed pleased, but changed the subject. Banerjee excused himself and sneaked off to a bathroom for a smoke. A few quick puffs, then he threw the butt into the toilet. It would not disappear, not even after repeated, thunderous flushings. Banerjee went back to the director. What will he make of my absence, all that incredible noise? The director wanted lunch.

There was no script talking during the meal, nor did there appear to be any imminent when they returned to the suite. After six hours and insufficient nicotine,

Banerjee broke and blurted, "David, am I playing Dr. Aziz?"

"Of course you are," David Lean told him, and when Banerjee said, "But you haven't told me," told him again. Then it all came out. Everything, about every movie and even about smoking, about craving, just at this moment, a single cigarette. "What bloody nonsense," said



The director in India, staring down the noonday sun

Lean. "They're always making up silly stories about me. Please, my dear boy, smoke to your heart's pleasure."

It was the first direction Victor Banerjee got from David Lean and, like most of what was to follow, he was grateful for it. He lit up, and both men talked for a long time more, about the script, about the character of Dr. Aziz, even about the mutability of astrological portents. Lean reached for Banerjee's script and wrote in it, "March 15th. Victor: A good day for travel, David."

In film history, there have been few voyagers as adventurous as David Lean. He is fearless in his choice of subject matter—whether it be a world-classic novel or a history-molding life—and he is absolutely fixated on having his way with it, on getting it right. "He's totally devoted to cinema," says another formidable British director and former Lean colleague, Michael Powell (*The Red Shoes*, *Peeping Tom*). "Once he's agreed to do a film of

any kind, I can tell you, you're going to have a rough ride until it's finished." "He really is a perfectionist," says Lean's friend Katharine Hepburn, whom he directed in *Summertime*. Then she adds affectionately, "He doesn't care if everyone dies around him, he'll just take over the camera, prop up the actor and get what he wants. Underneath it all, I think that David knows how ridiculous he is, how absolutely impossible he can be in his search for perfection. But he just can't help it."

It is remarkable how close this fond description of Lean comes to a sketch of the foursquare Colonel Nicholson played by Alec Guinness in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, a man whose grand dreams of glory turned into dementia and destruction. Odd, too, that for a director who says, "I'm not a brave man, not a courageous man, not at all," success should come from what seem, outwardly, to be celebrations of courage, daring and recklessness, but that are, more deeply, films founded in turmoil and ended in uncertainty, melancholy and the hard presence of unshakable fate. Lean's masterpiece, *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962), has the sweep and size of a great adventure film. It is about a poet who wanted to be a regent, a scholar playing at warfare whose exploits, through Lean's eye, take on the shimmer of legend as seen through a veil of heat. Some heat is blinding, but here, for Lean, it becomes purifying, yielding up a vision of a man out of time, fighting to find himself and losing, in the confusion and compromise that follow, all hope of self-knowledge and all chance of redemption.

Lawrence was a major popular success, and it won seven Oscars. *Kwai* did as well but was narrowly understood, either as a bang-up war flick or as a muddled antiwar tract. Nearly 30 years after its first release it looks, perhaps even more clearly today, to be one of the definitive films about war, certainly the most implacable. It is comic, almost ruthlessly so, elegant in the way it arranges and compounds its narrative ironies, pitiless in its portrait of war's grand follies. But it is a film of heroic size, and Lean strikes a perfect balance between the folly of heroism and the heroism of folly. He is brave enough to show that war is madness, but that there is a terrible beauty in *extremis* as well, and that men can respond to it, dying grandly as they die in vain.

"I don't know of any director who doesn't go down on one knee whenever *The Bridge on the River Kwai* or *Lawrence*

of *Arabia* is discussed," says Steven Spielberg. "I feel a great deal of reverence for David Lean. I think he has a much broader movie vocabulary than a lot of directors, including myself. He's the last of a generation of classical artists as picture makers, he and Kurosawa." Lean's 16 films in 42 years have earned 45 Oscar nominations, including six for his directing. His films have almost always turned a profit, often substantial, sometimes astonishing. (*Doctor Zhivago*, the director's biggest popular success, has brought in more than \$200 million worldwide at the box office.) He has always enjoyed the respect of his peers and, now enjoys that of the younger successors to the tradition of the well-made film.

What's wanting is consistent critical favor. "I can't remember the last time I got a good notice," Lean says, wondering and a little wounded. He can still quote from a savaging visited upon *Lawrence* by the then critic of the *New York Times*, and claims that "after *Ryan's Daughter*, I had such terrible notices that I really lost heart." His faith may be partly restored by the warm reception of his newest effort, but the fact remains that after *Ryan's Daughter* Lean did not make another feature film for 14 years, partly, he says, "for lack of subject" and partly, one suspects, out of wounded pride.

Lean is not vituperative about critics. He saves his scorn for the "money-obsessed" studio executives who offered to back *Passage* if there was an explicit rape in the cave or if the young Adela, not the aged Mrs. Moore, could meet the attractive Dr. Aziz in the moonlight at the mosque. But, he says, "the critics are the intellectuals. I'm always frightened of intellectuals. I think one tends to take the critics too seriously, but you can't meet the general public, and if your mother tells you the movie is great, you say, 'Yes, very sweet of you, but you would.' The only people who really don't give a damn, who are out there giving their opinion, are the critics. They are the only people, as it were, you can believe."

This sketch of the cinema press has a surprisingly sweet naiveté that is colored by yearning. Lean's films are epic journeys of disillusion and self-discovery, and he himself has traveled widely. Ask him about his travels, and the names pour out like whistle-stops in a dream: "I've been through the Panama Canal twice, been to New Zealand, the Cook Islands, Tahiti, the Tuamotu Archipelago. I've sat on top of Mount Cook in a helicopter, had two Boston whalers docked out in French Polynesia, one in Bora-Bora and one in Rangiroa, which is my favorite place in the world." But one also recalls Michael Powell's remark that "he's very cloistered in his life" and Katharine Hepburn's perception that "David understands loneliness. He understands passion. He understands desperation." It would take just such a man to sound so wistful about his bad press, a man who, having become one of the world's great film makers, had still



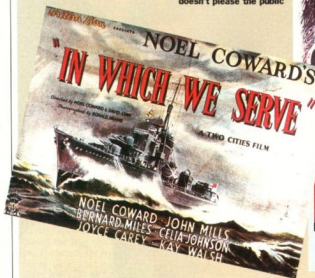
Talking acting with Banerjee: a refusal to shake hands, then an embrace for a tricky scene



With Guinness, above, and Davis: all else is secondary, from social contacts to marriage contracts



Lean hits of the 1940s: never pop out of the same hole twice, Noël Coward advised, and quit the business if what pleases you doesn't please the public



not got over being young and without palpable promise, being, as he says, "looked on as a dud, you see."

Lean was born 76 years ago in the then comfortable London suburb of Croydon, the elder of two brothers. His parents, both dazzlingly handsome in family photographs, were Quakers. "This upbringing..." muses his friend and frequent collaborator, the wizard production designer John Box. "David's got this puritan English passion that is very intense. Passion and ice." Lean was early set apart, shadowed by his younger brother, Edward Tangye, who was "very clever," and by being a Quaker, which kept him out of the local school. "It was Church of England," Lean recalls, "and wouldn't have me." Religion also discouraged moviegoing, but he heard all about Charlie Chaplin from the family charwoman, Mrs. Egerton. She acted out his comic exploits, "running around the table, skidding around the corners," while David sat dazzled in the basement kitchen. When he was 13, while attending the Quaker Leighton Park boarding school, he started to sneak out to the neighborhood cinemas on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The first film he saw was a version of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* made in 1921—and the movie did not disappoint. "That beam of light traveling through the smoke," he recalls. "It had an immediate magic for me." It was a magic that seemed impossible to touch. "I never thought I would have the luck to go into films," he says. "They were in the dream department. I think they still are."

In the real world, his family had begun to fall apart. "I wasn't very close to

my brother or my father," he says now. "My mother was a sweet woman, rather pretty. My father was tall, and I think he was handsome. He wasn't a stern character. He left my mother. I must have been in my early teens. It was sort of a bad part of my life, really. My father, poor man, plagued by guilt. It was a difficult thing in the best of times, but in those days, and being a Quaker, you can imagine. He didn't get married again. He went off with somebody else. She was a nice woman. I got to know her later. I think he was a sad man. I don't really want to talk about these personal things."

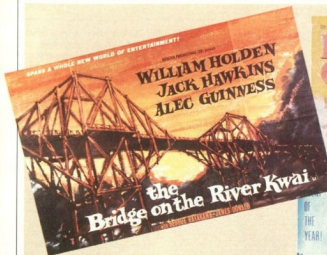
His father Francis sent Tangye to Oxford, but Lean did not attend because "my father didn't think that would be worthwhile. It did hurt my feelings, but that's as it was." David—"hopeless" all through school—was outfitted with black striped trousers, a bowler and a broly and sent off to work in the accountancy firm where his father was a senior member. He used his fingers, as he still does, to count everything, and he lasted a year.

Just 19, he cadged a job at London's Gaumont Studios, where his first responsibility was to fetch tea and load film for the camera department (salary: 10 s. weekly). Showing a flair he had previously displayed only in the school darkroom, Lean quickly graduated to "number-board boy" and, finally, to "third assistant director." He befriended a studio projectionist—"I still remember his name: Matthews"—who let him watch the day's rushes from the projection booth, peering down from near the source of that beam of magic light traveling through the smoke. One day

Matthews was screening "some cut stuff," film that had been assembled, rudimentarily, by an editor. Lean, who knew that the scenes had been photographed hours apart, was fascinated to see them put together seamlessly. "I thought, 'What a magician's trick.' It was a new language." He began to cut, and quickly became fluent. He edited newsreels at Gaumont British and British Movietone—using scissors directly on the negative—and graduated to features, where he got fired from an early assignment by Producer Alexander Korda for overcutting. "It was," Lean says now, "a very good lesson."

And well learned. By the late 1930s, he was the bright young man of the business. "Everyone was stunned by the marvelous editing he did on Gabriel Pascal's *Pygmalion* in 1938," Powell remembers. "Those scenes of Wendy Hiller learning phonetics were created by brilliant editing." It was also, as Powell points out, editing done in a highly unconventional way: Lean, as the industry buzz went, "cuts talking films on a silent head," meaning simply that Lean used a silent editing machine to cut sound movies. "He cut what he wanted to see on the screen," Powell says, "and to hell with the sound, leaving the poor assistants to pick up the sound track. The visual was the essential. David constructs purely in terms of images, using the material the way a composer might use a theme."

By the time he came to work with Powell on *One of Our Aircraft Is Missing* (1941) and *The Invaders* (1942), Lean had already been offered films to direct, but he waited for the right assignment. That turned out to be Noël Coward's prototypical piece of



The epics of the '50s and '60s: founded in turmoil and ending in the presence of unshakable fate, they are journeys of disillusion and self-discovery

brave-it-through wartime propaganda, 1942's *In Which We Serve*. Lean co-directed with Coward, who provided two pieces of advice. "One: don't pop out of the same hole twice. Two: do what pleases you and, if what pleases you does not please the public, then get out of show business."

Posterity ought to thank Coward for omitting critical admiration from the prescription, but even if he had included it, Lean would probably still have hung on. Film for him was not just a calling; it was a lifeline. "If there hadn't been film," he says, "I don't know what I would have done. I think I would have been a pretty good failure." Film seems to be the very source of his strength, and, if he cannot fully expect those who work with him to share his obsession, he demands at very least their unflinching commitment. He tends to float away during the infrequent social occasions that occur while he works. "I do become obsessed by a movie, in a sort of maddening way, I must say," he confesses. "I get a close-up of somebody superimposed over the soup." It can be unnerving to intrude. "David's greatest virtue is his enormous concentration," says Sam Spiegel, who produced both *Kwai* and *Lawrence*. "He's deeply engrossed in what he's doing and has an *idée fixe* about anything he does." During the shooting of *Passage*, Lean was on a hillside, admiring a fine sweep of country, when a member of the crew approached him. "Isn't it beautiful?" Lean said. The crew member allowed as how, after months of shooting, he was sick of India and wanted to get home. "Then," said the director, "get your ticket and go, if that's what you want. You should work in a factory."

Sign on for a David Lean film and all else becomes secondary: social contacts and marriage contracts. Lean is not a wash in friendships. "He doesn't know too many people," Hepburn says, "and he's also a shy man. But to me he's a dear friend, endowed with every virtue." Eddie Fowle, a prop man who has worked on the Lean team since *Kwai*, has sometimes got the director's hand-me-down automobiles, and recalls, "After *Zhivago*, I think, I got a telegram to do something for a Hollywood company in the south of France. But David said, 'Don't go. I've got more money than I know what to do with, and you're the best friend I've got... share it with me.' But I told him I had to feel like I was earning it." It may be worth noting that, though his friendships may seem movie connected, his marriages have not survived the film assignments.

Lean, who has a son from his first marriage, "was not the sort of man that husbands are made from," said his third wife, British Actress Ann Todd, at the time of their divorce in 1957. "Too tense, too mercurial." "David and his work are more important to him than I am," said his fourth wife, Leila Devi, who met the director in 1954 and divorced him in 1978. "Life has only one meaning for David—his film making. I never talk to him until he talks to me, even if he's just tying his tie. If I speak, it startles him."

The couple drifted apart, and Lean met Sandra Hotz in India in the late '60s, when he was checking into a hotel owned by her parents and she showed him to his room. Lean, who approaches interviews on such matters with all the relish of a

man who is about to have root-canal work performed with ice tongs, is genuinely surprised when mention is made of her brief appearance as Mr. Fielding's wife in *Passage*. "Who told you that?" he wants to know. "I had been trying to keep it a secret. I met my wife in India. I don't really want to go into it." Reports Katharine Hepburn: "She's a good wife... one worth waiting for. It takes a lot of props to make a tower, and you can't have two towers. Sandy and David have a marvelous life, creating, traveling all over the world. She's very much a part of the art."

Lady Lean—the director was knighted this year—performed extensive liaison work during the making of *Passage* in India and was by her husband's side five years earlier, for what he calls "the biggest regret of my whole career," when a long-cherished dream went smash. Lean wanted to make the best and fullest account of the *Bounty* saga. Says he: "Captain Bligh is a much maligned man. I think he was a terrific chap, though he had no sense of humor. Christian was a young man who just got swept away by the South Seas." Lean and the peerless scenarist Robert Bolt (*Lawrence of Arabia*, *Doctor Zhivago*) wrote feature-length scripts for two interrelated films. The first was to end with what the director calls "the fantastic voyage of Captain Bligh in the open boat across the Pacific to Australia"; the second was "the search by a terrible man called Captain Edwards for Christian and his men." Lean says the scripts are "the best I've ever had."

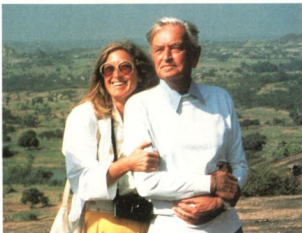
Lean likes to quote a Hindu proverb—he nearly put it into *Passage*—that says, "in very simple terms, we're like a leaf on a riv-

Cinema

er and we've got a very small paddle. We can go this way or that way, but only minutely. We're on that damn river, and we're going to be taken down to some destination." The *Bounty* did not make it into the water. Robert Bolt had a stroke. Producer Dino De Laurentiis came to Tahiti, where a full-scale replica of the *Bounty* had already been constructed, and announced he did not have the money to go ahead with the movie. Lean fought with his old friend John Box about the scope of the project; Box left within hours by motorboat. "It was horrible," he says now. "When you're very fond of someone, you can hurt them. He and his wife were on the pier when my boat pulled out, and he pretended not to be looking. The two of them were fading smaller and smaller, and finally I saw his wife break and run back up the hill. It was like the ending of a David Lean film."

Some feared the *Bounty* episode might put an end to his career. Composer Maurice Jarre, who has scored all of Lean's films since *Lawrence*, saw him at the time of the debacle, and says, "Something inside him had died." "I wonder," said Rod Steiger, after finishing work on *Doctor Zhivago*, "just how much of that man is alive when he is not working." *Passage* pulled him back, and together, again. "He became younger and more dynamic," Jarre says. "He got back that very sparkling light in his eye. Something was really much more alive in him."

And kicking, it might be added, with all appropriate animal energy and stubbornness. Filled with joy at his first sight of the Marabar Cave location, Lean grabbed his camera and, according to Eddie Fowle, "went up that granite mountain like a bloody hare. That rock must be the biggest monolith in the world, and David went up backwards on his ass." Lean had what he calls "tiffs" with Judy Davis and Alec Guinness. Lean and Guinness have wrangled on and off since *Kwai*, when the actor wanted to play Colonel Nicholson more comedically and the director, in every sense, set him straight. "I have a great fondness for David," Guinness says, "but the atmosphere on the *Passage* set was overly tense. And we did have a dust-up concerning the small dancing scene I had. The dancing was nothing great, but I had rehearsed quite a bit for it, and then David didn't even come round the day I did it. He said he never liked Indian dancing anyway." (The



Sir David and Lady Lean between takes on *Passage*

dance, which was scripted to end the film, has been eliminated in the final version.)

Judy Davis mixed it up with Lean "mainly at the start of the movie—for about two months. It was like two bulls locking horns. I don't think he trusted me because I was new and young. It was a matter of winning his respect." At the outset of filming, Victor Banerjee found himself locked in combat with the director over an appropriate accent for his character. The actor did not want to play an "obedient English sheepdog." That argument lasted for four days, and Banerjee's speech preference prevailed. He offered his hand to Lean, who responded, "What the hell for?" He shook hands the next day, however, and on the last day of principal photography, when Banerjee brought off an especially tricky scene in one take, Lean came from behind the camera and embraced him.

Throughout *Passage*, there is a sense, ironic and unapologetic, of mortality. "I'm not a Quaker now. I don't know what I am," Lean says. "I don't think, as Mrs. Moore says, that it's a goddess universe.

But I wouldn't know what God is. We're still trying to find out, like plumbers trying to mend Swiss watches, what makes us tick." *Passage* certainly offers no answers, just images against the void, like Mrs. Moore turning at night in a room, sensing something and, at a distance, down at the river, a crocodile flipping the rippled moonlight with its tail. Moments like that one work at a primal level that only true artists can reach. "David is a director who really sees the images in considerably clearer terms than any other director I know," says Sam Spiegel. "After looking at each inch of film thousands of times, I still get an added surprise at what's on the screen." Pressed on

this, Lean, arming himself with a wide safety net of qualifiers, admits, "I've just begun to dare to think I perhaps am a bit of an artist." He has "had thoughts that *Passage* might be my last movie," and also confessed to its cinematographer, Ernest Day, that he has only just begun to comprehend what films are about.

This is understandable, in a way. The director who cut from an extinguished match to a desert sunrise in *Lawrence* has a gift that almost passes understanding. "In one cut," marvels Spielberg, "he creates the entire scope of the Arabian Desert."

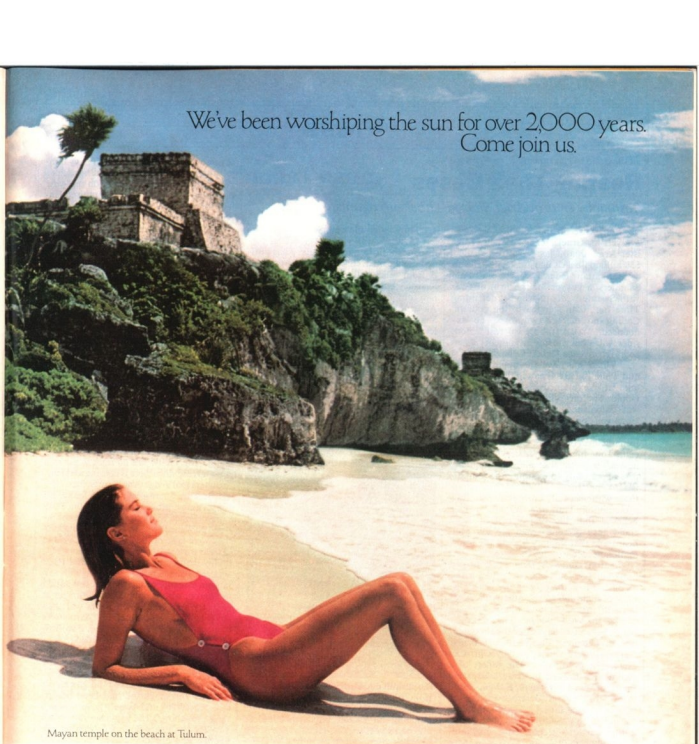
Passage and *Lawrence* are linked by their last lingering images: a woman, alone, at a rain-streaked window; a soldier, lost, obscured behind a dusty windshield. *Lawrence* is going home; the woman is already there. But both have been changed fundamentally, uprooted and unsettled forever in a way they never were by the steady mutability of travel. Lean, who has had several homes over the years, has never lived long in any of them. "I

sort of traveled in a car and put my clothing in a case and wandered around," he says. "It's a wonderful thing, you know, going to strange places." He lives mostly in hotels or on locations, wherever the movies take him. He has ordered up an elaborate residence for his wife and himself in London's newly fashionable East End dock area, but the Leans have not yet moved in. He is, he admits, "a romantic," and his heart will never be at home. It can be found in any direction, but it will always be away. He lives at a distance, a singular address for the movies' greatest poet of the far horizon.

—By Jay Cocks.
Reported by Elaine Dutha/New York, Denise Worrell/Los Angeles and John Wright/London



Lean in his element, filming 1970's *Ryan's Daughter*
Obsessed with an impossible search for perfection.



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Mayan temple on the beach at Tulum.

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Press

Resting Their Cases

Testimony ends in Ariel Sharon's libel suit against Time Inc.

After six weeks and 13 witnesses, lawyers for Israel's former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon last week rested their \$50 million libel case against Time Inc. in a Manhattan federal courtroom. Paul Saunders, a lawyer for the firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, which is defending Time Inc., then stepped to the podium. Calling no defense witnesses, he announced, "Your Honor, we rest." Both sides will offer closing arguments when court reconvenes Jan. 2.

"When you have the opportunity to quit while you are ahead in litigation, you take it," explained Saunders. Milton Gould, Sharon's chief attorney, said he was "astonished," and retorted: "You quit when you don't know what to do." But in presenting their case, Sharon's lawyers, from the firm of Shea & Gould, had called eight Time Inc. employees as "hostile witnesses," a tactic that allowed them the first opportunity to examine the journalists. Time Inc.'s attorneys questioned those witnesses fully during the plaintiff's presentation. Thus, the Cravath lawyers believed that the best witnesses TIME could have presented had already been heard and that the jury had all the information needed to judge the case.

Sharon contends that TIME libeled him in its Feb. 21, 1983, cover story about an official Israeli report on the 1982 massacre of some 700 Arabs, mainly Palestinians, in the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps in West Beirut. The murders, which began two days after the assassination of Lebanese President-elect Bashir Gemayel, were carried out by Christian Phalangist militiamen. The report of a commission headed by Israel's Supreme Court President, Yitzhak Kahan, found that Sharon had "disregarded the danger of acts of vengeance." The commission concluded that Sharon had ordered the militiamen into the camps and bore "indirect responsibility" for what had happened; Sharon resigned his defense post after the findings were released.

In a paragraph halfway through its eight-page story, TIME said that a classified Appendix B to the report contained details of a sympathy call Sharon had made on the Gemayel family on Sept. 15, 1982, the day after Bashir's death. According to the magazine, the Defense Minister "reportedly discussed with the Gemayels the need for the Phalangists to take revenge." Sharon acknowledges that he met with the Gemayels but denies that the subject of revenge came up. He contends, moreover, that TIME's account implies that he encouraged or instigated the massacre. Time Inc. maintains that the contested paragraph in no way accuses Sharon of fomenting the tragedy.

Throughout the trial, Sharon's lawyers have focused on David Halevy, a TIME correspondent in Jerusalem. Halevy has testified that he inferred what was in Appendix B from talks with Israeli officials, from Sharon's public testimony before the Kahan commission and from the report itself. As to the substance of what was said at Sharon's meeting with the Gemayels, Halevy testified that he relied on four sources,



The plaintiff outside the Manhattan court

Will Sharon return to the stand?

including an Israeli intelligence officer who had access to notes taken at one of the meetings. This source, according to Halevy, said that Bashir's father, at the Sept. 15 meeting with Sharon, declared that his son's death should be avenged. The plaintiff's lawyers contend that Halevy fabricated the story.

Richard Duncan, the magazine's chief of correspondents, defended Halevy's reporting. He acknowledged under questioning by Gould that aides to then Prime Minister Menachem Begin had complained about a 1979 TIME story, reported by Halevy, concerning Begin's poor health. When Halevy's confidential sources would not confirm the details of his report, TIME subsequently published a denial from a Begin aide. The magazine noted that it "was apparently misled" about a Begin medical exam and "regrets the error." Duncan

stressed that if he had thought Halevy himself had misled TIME, he would have fired him. Duncan did put Halevy on one-year probation, but in court he also praised Halevy for his "good, expert and reliable" reporting on numerous major stories.

TIME Managing Editor Ray Cave firmly expressed his confidence in both Halevy and the disputed paragraph about Sharon. "I believe [the story] then and now," said Cave. Asked by Gould if he thought the Kahan commission had any reason to believe Sharon had anticipated the massacre, Cave said no. "I think if he had, it would have horrified him and he would have prevented it on the spot." Henry Anatole Grunwald, editor-in-chief of Time Inc., also stood firmly behind the article, stating that he saw "no particular contradiction between the paragraph and the Kahan commission report." As for Halevy, Grunwald said he considered him "one of the best reporters I have ever known."

When TIME rested its case, Gould protested that he still wanted to call rebuttal witnesses, including Sharon once again. "Mr. Gould has no right to put in a rebuttal case since there is nothing to rebut," Saunders told Judge Abraham Sofaer.

Because Sharon is a public figure, his lawyers must prove not only that the TIME story defamed him but also that the magazine published the statements knowing they were false or having serious doubts as to their truth, a contention TIME has strenuously denied. If the jury finds that there was such "actual malice," the two sides will present evidence concerning the reputation of Sharon, who is now Israel's Minister of Industry and Trade. The jurors will then have to determine whether Sharon was damaged by the TIME story and, if so, how much money he should be awarded.

Shortly before the holiday recess, Sofaer denied a series of motions by the Time Inc. attorneys to dismiss the case outright. But he reserved judgment on whether the magazine had been denied due process by the Israeli government's refusal to allow Time Inc.'s lawyers to see key documents, including the secret appendix, and question several Israeli officials. Sofaer has informed the Israeli government that the secret papers can be accepted as evidence only if attorneys from both sides are allowed direct access to them. In a statement attached to Sofaer's letter, Time Inc. attorneys said that the magazine would print an appropriate correction if their examination of all the relevant documents showed that the information in the disputed paragraph was not in the appendix or related materials. Time Inc., however, would continue to defend the substance of the story—that is, that Sharon discussed revenge with the Gemayels—as true. The Israeli Cabinet is expected to consider Sofaer's request next week.

—By James Kelly. Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/New York

Religion

Merton's Mountainous Legacy

A new wave of interest in the century's most celebrated monk

"So Brother Matthew locked the gate behind me, and I was enclosed in the four walls of my new freedom." Thus in his bestselling autobiography did Thomas Merton describe the moment he arrived to become a postulant at Our Lady of Gethsemani Abbey in rural Kentucky. It was the Advent season of 1941, three days after Pearl Harbor. By eerie coincidence, Dec. 10 was also the date of Merton's mysterious 1968 death. As the anniversary of his death and religious birth came round again this Christmas season, Merton disciples were enjoying a host of new material on the modern era's most renowned monk, including a major biography.

When Merton entered the monastery 43 years ago, Roman Catholic religious orders were faithful to the rigorous disciplines of old. A little-known New York writer and teacher whose life had been rakish though not quite dissolute, he converted from irreligion to Catholicism at 23 and stunned friends three years later by joining the Order of Cistercians of the Strict Observance, commonly known as Trappists. The monks of Gethsemani lived on prayer, hard manual toil, vegetables and little else. Under the rule of silence, all conversation was forbidden.

"Oh, God! He'll never write again!" his literary agent said. But seven years after disappearing behind Gethsemani's walls, Merton produced *The Seven Storey Mountain*. The autobiography of conversion sold 300,000 copies in less than a year (more than 3 million as of 1984). That book was followed by 60 other volumes of meditations, poems, essays, criticism, history, translations, drawings and photographs. For masses of readers Brother Louis, as he was called by the Trappists, redefined the image of monasticism and made the concept of saintliness accessible to moderns. His treatise on meditation, *New Seeds of Contemplation* (1962), was deemed a spiritual classic. Moreover, the cloistered monk became a pioneering Catholic polemicist on civil rights and the immorality of nuclear war. Merton explored the spirituality of Eastern religions well before other Catholics.

Though not the cult figure he was during the 1950s and '60s, Merton still commands a following. Forty of his books are in print. Paulist Press is offering a videotape in which Michael Moriarty portrays the monk. Last June PBS televised a biography, and the film is still enjoying brisk sales and rentals. The show's producers

have now recycled 20 of their interviews as *Merton by Those Who Knew Him Best* (Harper & Row; 191 pages; \$12.95), a slight but engaging book.

The major item in the current wave of interest is the finely wrought new biography by Michael Mott, *The Seven Mountains of Thomas Merton* (Houghton Mifflin; 690 pages; \$24.95). A professor of creative writing at Ohio's Bowling Green State University, Mott, 54, succeeded the late John Howard Griffin (*Black Like*



At Gethsemani (1966): "I want the life I have vowed"

Me), the original biographer named by Merton's literary executors. The author provides some fresh details about the 30 years that Merton treated in *Seven Storey Mountain*, but the book's most fascinating contribution involves the second half of Merton's life. The executors gave Mott exclusive access to his subject's extensive journals of 1956-68, which, at Merton's direction, will not be released until 1993.

Through the journals and Merton's correspondence with 1,800 people, Mott traces the spiritual, psychological and practical struggles that the ever questing monk underwent to preserve his vocation. In later years the greatest trial of the "man who wore no masks," in one critic's phrase, was his secret infatuation with a young Catholic nurse he had met while in a Louisville hospital. Mott discreetly refers to her as "S." and sympathetically but unflinchingly shows how Merton maneuvered around the rules and rationalized to continue the relationship, suffered through the

inevitable crisis and preserved his vocation ("I want the life I have vowed").

Perhaps Merton's most important and ambivalent relationship, reports Mott, was that with his longtime abbot, James Fox. Merton constantly tested his superior, yet needed the constraints that he applied. Despite their conflicts, Dom James thought enough of Merton to make him his private confessor and Gethsemani's master of novices, training all candidates. There was a cloistered game of spiritual power battled out between two strong-willed men. Fox, a graduate of Harvard Business School, brought the destitute monastery to financial stability with innovations such as the marketing of cheese and sausage made by the monks. But the resulting commercialization and modern necessities—machinery, even air conditioning—prompted Merton's scorn. On the other hand, Merton's involvement with the outside world seemed to Fox a violation of tradition in need of curbing.

When Merton first began writing, the Trappists debated whether one of their monks had any business being a published author, or even an intellectual. In 1963 the abbot general ordered Merton to cease his writings on war and peace. Merton seethed in a private letter: "Monk concerned with peace. Bad image." He obeyed the directive formally, but distributed mimeographed antiwar pieces. In 1967 all censorship was removed.

Merton fought for and was finally granted the chance to take his only prolonged trip away from the abbey—to Asia to study Eastern religions. While visiting a Catholic retreat center outside Bangkok, he was found dead, apparently electrocuted by a faulty fan. Mott acknowledges rumors of murder or suicide, but concludes that there is no solid evidence to rebut the probability of an accident that may have induced a heart attack.

In Mott's portrait, Merton seems to have shifted direction continually, insisting as a younger monk that the monastery shut out the "commotion and excitement" of the outside world, while in later years leading monasticism into a new engagement with the world beyond the walls and enunciating the moral duty to deal with issues of peace and social justice. Then, at the very end of his life, Mott writes, Merton came to feel that a "distorting element in the renewal of the church had led to a movement away from prayer, contemplation, the values of the tradition which had provided strength for almost 2,000 years, in favor of an activism that was wholly self-justifying." In Mott's view, there was no inconsistency. Merton was merely seeking a proper balance between prayer and action, not just for modernized monks but for all Christians.

—By Richard N. Ostling

If you want to **QUIT** for good... Your doctor can help

4 out of 5 people fail.

Fifty-six million Americans are smokers, and the majority of them want to quit. Thirty million Americans have tried... and failed. In fact, 4 out of 5 smokers who try to quit fail even short-term, and many of those who succeed short-term eventually return to smoking.

Why is it so difficult to quit smoking... for good?

There are three factors—social, psychological, and physical—that work together to continually reinforce the smoking habit. Social factors include the need to feel part of a peer group of smokers. Psychological factors include smoking cigarettes in stressful situations. These two factors must be addressed for smoking cessation to be successful. However, nicotine dependence is a third, often unrecognized factor that can undermine a smoker's willpower during attempts to quit.

Nicotine dependence is a powerful reinforcer of the smoking habit.

The average smoker gets more than 120,000 "nicotine jolts" in a year, as nicotine travels to the brain within 7 seconds of a puff from a cigarette. Recent studies confirm that many smokers develop a physical dependence on the nicotine derived from smoking cigarettes. Because the body becomes accustomed to the effects of nicotine, smokers trying to quit often experience withdrawal symptoms. These include craving for tobacco, irritability, anxiety, difficulty concentrating, restlessness, headache, drowsiness, and gastrointestinal disturbances.

How your doctor can help...

Treatment programs are now available to help smokers who genuinely want to quit. Your doctor can advise you on ways to overcome the physical symptoms of smoking withdrawal while dealing with your social and psychological motivations for smoking.

How a program can help...

If you sincerely want to quit and are determined to succeed, you have to confront all three factors of the smoking habit. You shouldn't expect to overcome your problem by dealing with only one factor. Your doctor can help you with all three factors by providing you with medication to overcome nicotine withdrawal, materials that address the social and psychological aspects of smoking, and valuable counseling and follow-up. Your doctor will determine what treatment is right for you.

Your doctor is the key.

Merrell Dow has conducted research in the field of smoking cessation and is providing support to health professionals to increase their effectiveness in helping patients who really want to quit for good achieve smoking cessation.

If you want to quit smoking, your chances are now better than ever before. See your doctor. Follow your doctor's advice. Once you start a quitting program, check back with your doctor to keep him or her informed of your progress. Patients who follow a program for 3 months are much more successful than those who follow one for shorter periods of time.

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Art



Mercenaries V, 1984: reclaiming a sense of the terrible from photography, film and TV

The Human Clay in Extremis

In California, paintings of power and torture by Leon Golub

There is a lot of political art around in America today, but few political artists of real weight. When bad art is busy defending the exploited, does it place one with Pinochet to speak of taste? Most political artists offer values that seem hardly more nuanced than the *New Masses* cartoons of the 1930s: Manichae-an Punch-and-Judy shows of good and evil, projecting ideological stereotypes onto schematically experienced realities. But one striking exception is Leon Golub.

Golub is 62 this year and, beyond question, the leading *engagé* in American painting. Yet it was not until a one-man show in 1982, his first in a New York City gallery in 20 years, that his fortunes changed. Up to then he was conventionally seen as a "Chicago artist," living in New York but tucked away on his own atoll of social irritability, far from the mainstream, best known for his activism in the Viet Nam years and for his earlier paintings of thick, eroded, archaeological figures in wounded repose or lumbering combat. But when the art world turns, peripheral artists have a way of moving to the center, and the decade's renewed interest in figure painting helped this happen with Golub, especially since it coincided with some of the best work of his career.

His new canvases were documentary. They were about power and torture on the fringes of Western politics in Latin America: "White Squad" killers, interrogators, mercenaries, the seedy and deadly emissaries of order. The paintings were huge, some of the figures nearly twice life-size. Tacked unstretched to the wall like tapes-

tries or (as Golub prefers to think of them) like skins, they resembled, in their stark silhouetting and red earth-colored backgrounds, Roman frescoes whose surfaces had been corrupted by the blackening breath of the late 20th century.

Their paint was like no one else's. Coat after coat was laboriously scraped back with the edge of a meat cleaver and then scumbled again until it looked weirdly provisional, a thin caking of color in the pores of the canvas. The works were gripping yet strangely distant, scratchily insistent rather than specifying, and their scale was utterly convincing. Though there is no lack of American painters who confuse eloquence with elephantiasis, the size of Golub's figures seems justified and necessary. Only by monumentalizing their documentary content could he give it the kind of fixity and silence it needed, and only that way could he achieve his peculiar balance between the sacrificial and the banal and so get rid of the sour whiff of pornography that attends images of extreme violence.

A retrospective of Golub's work, seen this fall at Manhattan's New Museum of Contemporary Art, is now on view at the La Jolla Museum in La Jolla, Calif. The show will also travel to Chicago, Montreal and Washington. It is not a show to miss, partly because it has so much to say about

the problems of being an "engaged" painter in America today. At root, they come down to how painting can operate in the realm of ideas about violence and power when its audience's sense of the terrible has been so largely pre-empted by photography, film and TV.

This was not a problem for earlier painters of the human clay in *extremis*, like Goya. It became visibly acute a half-century ago when Picasso in *Guernica* set forth contemporary carnage in terms of a ferocious rehash of classical rhetoric: dying horse, broken sword, frantic weeping Niobe. Picasso thus "universalized" his image in a way that neither realism nor photography could, while at the same time sowing the enormous canvas with black-and-white references to modern media, including newspaper.

Golub is likewise doubly haunted by classical diction and by mass imagery. His early paintings quote freely from antique prototypes like the Capitoline *Dying Gaul*. Especially he liked the swollen, corroded forms of Roman official art. The idea of power revealing itself in a "fuzzy or paradoxically discernible way" at the edges of empire matters a great deal to Golub, partly because his own marginal position as a painter made him interested in other margins. Hence, eventually, his 1980s paintings of mercenaries and interrogators.

The presence behind them is not so much Picasso as Caravaggio, with his groups of massive figures in plain underground rooms, theatrical and claustrophobic at once, and linked in various degrees of implication with martyrdom. Golub takes Caravaggio's preoccupation with anticlassical poses to an extreme that pertains to photography. No one in Golub's scenes stands like a Renaissance figure. The poses are mobile, awkward and "modern," the stances and gestures of men at work, with clubs, Uzis and M-16s.

But this threatening lightness is frozen by the exaggerated size, and the result is a degraded monumentality far more subtle than the literal reference to monuments in earlier Golubs. Golub has an eagle eye for banality. The good-ole-boy smirk on the face of the "interrogator" in *Mercenaries V*, 1984, as he flips a dumb "Hi!" to his accomplice—the viewer—sets one's teeth on edge; and yet it



The artist in his studio

anchors the sense of the picture, against the massive but hopelessly vulnerable arches of his victims' backs, with an awful precision. In the end, there are some tasks that painting can do and photography cannot. No camera is allowed in the basements of power that Golub has made peculiarly his own.

—By Robert Hughes

Books

Fragments of a Fabulous World

COLLECTED STORIES by Gabriel García Márquez
Translated by Gregory Rabassa and S.J. Bernstein
Harper & Row; 311 pages; \$16.95

There are no new stories in this collection or, for that matter, any that might be called semi-new. The most recent of the pieces dates from 1972. Nonetheless, many of these 26 works by Gabriel García Márquez, winner of the 1982 Nobel Prize for Literature, will seem shiny and fresh to everyone but dedicated students of South American literature. The bulk of García Márquez's short fiction was written before his novel *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, which was published in Spanish in 1967 and in English three years later. That outlandish, exuberant chronicle of a tragically doomed family won its author the worldwide acclaim he continues to receive. *Collected Stories* offers an earlier portrait of the artist as apprentice, struggling to put together the fragments of a fabulous world.

If his beginning works seem adolescent, that may be because García Márquez was only 19 when the first story, *The Third Resignation*, was published in 1947. It is a derivative exercise in the macabre and surrealistic, enlivened with a touch of humor. A boy overhears a doctor conferring with his mother: "Madam, your child has a grave illness: he is dead." The ghosts of Edgar Allan Poe and O. Henry sweep through these early tales, the fear of being buried alive confirmed or denied through trick endings.

In *Eva Is Inside Her Cat* (1948), a beautiful, hypersensitive woman senses herself dissolving into death and searches the house for some creature that can contain her spirit: "No. It was impossible to incarnate herself in the cat. She was afraid of one day feeling in her palate, in her throat, in all her quadruped organism, the irrevocable desire to eat a mouse." What finally happens and how long it takes to occur are saved for a not very surprising conclusion.

The ectoplasmic emanations in these first stories badly need a touch of the humdrum, some ballast of reality not perceived as nightmare or dream. In *The Woman Who Came at Six O'Clock* (1950), García Márquez adopts an entirely new voice. Chiefly through dialogue, he turns what has been the daily routine between a prostitute and the owner of the restaurant she frequents into a collision of moral and life-and-death choices. If this stark story suggests the influence of Hemingway, the next one announces the sway of William Faulkner. *Nabo: The Black*

Man Who Made the Angels Wait (1951) contains a wealthy estate, a black stable-boy who has been kicked in the head by a horse, a drooling idiot child and a rhetorical, parenthesis-choked concluding sentence 375 words long.

From this point on, the stories



Gabriel García Márquez: searching for a worthy subject

Excerpt

“This is, for all the world's unbelievers, the true account of Big Mama, absolute sovereign of the Kingdom of Macondo, who lived for 92 years, and died in the odor of sanctity one Tuesday last September, and whose funeral was attended by the Pope.

... and now that it is impossible to walk around in Macondo because of the empty bottles, the cigarette butts, the gnawed bones, the cans and rags and excrement that the crowd which came to the burial left behind; now is the time to lean a stool against the front door and relate from the beginning the details of this national commotion, before the historians have a chance to get at it.

grow increasingly less imitative and adaptive; a maturing style begins searching for a worthy subject. Increasingly, García Márquez turns to the bizarre frustrations imposed on people, both wealthy and impoverished, who live in isolation from the world at large. *There Are No Thieves in This Town* (1962) traces the troubles of Damaso, a poor young man with a pregnant wife, who robs the local pool hall and comes away with nothing but three billiard balls. It is bad enough that he cannot sell them; worse, the social life of the town begins to atrophy, since it may take months for new balls to arrive.

In *Balthazar's Marvelous Afternoon* (1962), a simple carpenter builds an awe-inspiring bird cage for the son of the wealthiest man in the village. When the father balks at paying, Balthazar gives it to the boy as a present. When the poor donate to the rich, the social order begins to tremble. The powerful man feels humiliated, and the carpenter gets drunk, confused and boisterous: "We have to make a lot of things to sell to the rich before they die. All of them are sick, and they're going to die. They're so screwed up they can't even get angry any more."

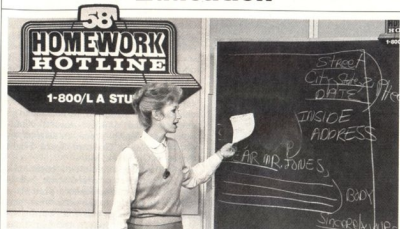
A place called Macondo begins cropping up in the stories, as do the names of some who have figured prominently and mysteriously in its history: Colonel Aureliano Buendía, José Arcadio Buendía. The village-universe of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* makes brief, embryonic appearances. *Big Mama's Funeral* (1962) sees a small dress rehearsal for the extravagant saga that was to follow. The death of Macondo's matriarch sends nearly everyone into frenetic activity. Lawmakers debate: "Interminable hours were filled with

words, words, words, which resounded throughout the Republic, made prestigious by the spokesmen of the printed word. Until, endowed with a sense of reality in that assembly of aseptic lawgivers, the historical blahblahblah was interrupted by the reminder that Big Mama's corpse awaited their decision at 104° in the shade." By the time affairs are settled and the Pope arrives, it seems possible that he is indeed attending "the greatest funeral in the world."

The post-*Solitude* stories in this volume exhibit a slight decline in energy and enthusiasm, as if the writer now feels cramped by a form that he had enjoyed experimenting with earlier. Perhaps, as the evidence of the past twelve years suggests, he has gone over entirely to the writing of novels. But García Márquez, at 56, is still vigorous and inventive enough to move wherever his talent dictates. It is good to have the *Collected Stories* and permissible to hope that they will not be the end of the tales.

—By Paul Gray

Education



A Los Angeles TV teacher fields a caller's question on English and letter writing

Help from the Hotline

Students get fast relief from the headache of homework

It is 4:30 in the afternoon in Los Angeles. At station KLCB-TV, Channel 58, the show is ready to roll. A phone rings and the man before the camera picks it up. "Welcome to *Homework Hotline*," he says. "I'm Ira Moskow... I have John from Hughes Junior High on the line." When John, whose last name is Kellenberger, explains that he is having trouble converting 397 millimeters to meters, Moskow holds up a metric chart and asks, "Can you find meters on the chart, John?" Silence. "John?" "Yes." Gradually Moskow leads John out of his quandary, never providing the solution directly but taking him through the steps of moving the decimal point until John hits the answer.

The exchange is typical for *Hotline*, the latest hit show among the call-in homework programs that are bringing aid and comfort to homework sufferers around the nation. *Hotline* is aired from 4:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. Monday through Thursday by the Los Angeles Unified School District. Its targets are math and English for junior high schoolers. "That's where the homework really starts to pile up for the first time," says Producer Bob Greene. Launched as a pilot last spring, *Hotline* drew 3,500 calls in twelve weeks, including a daily ring from Avery Smith, 10, a straight-A student (he just loved shoptalk, it seemed). The district allocated \$170,000 to bring it back full time for the 1984-85 school year.

Moskow, a math teacher at Los Angeles' Foshay Junior High School, is one of eight *Hotline* regulars who run the show, rotating 15-minute stints on-camera. Says he: "I love talking to the students. When one takes the time to call *Homework Hotline*, he really wants to understand." *Hotline* opens the phones on its special number, 1-800-LASTUDY, from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m., with the teachers joined by a squad of col-

lege student tutors who help keep up with the weekly average of 600 calls. Routine questions are dealt with quickly. The more intriguing ones like Kellenberger's are held over to be showcased next day on TV.

Although a few other school districts, including those in Jacksonville, Fort Wayne, Ind., and Anchorage, provide televised homework help, only Jacksonville has drawn a response comparable to that in Los Angeles. Yet a growing number of cities, using only telephones, operate thriving hotlines. Brooklyn's Central Library, with funding from the New York City board of education, runs a homework hotline Monday through Thursday from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. for all twelve grades. Another New York student service, Dial-A-Teacher, gets a fair number of calls from mothers and fathers trying to be home tutors. "Parents generally say to us that math is taught so much differently from when they attended school," observes Betty Holmes of the sponsoring United Federation of Teachers.

Philadelphia, Houston and Charlotte, N.C., operate similar programs. Houston's hotline corps includes a bilingual teacher to handle questions from Spanish-speaking youngsters. The math hotline in Lorain, Ohio, not only shepherds school-age callers but graciously fields inquiries from college students and, in season, adults wrestling with tax returns.

Even the televised Los Angeles *Hotline* gets its share of adult calls, including one of the few stumpers the program has ever received. Once a contractor phoned to ask Math Specialist Hall Davidson how much cement to pour for the foundation of a house whose dimensions the man did not know. Baffled, Davidson turned to Producer Greene. His helpful comment was "Make sure he doesn't do your house." —By Ezra Bowen. Reported by Mary Wormley/Los Angeles, with other bureaus



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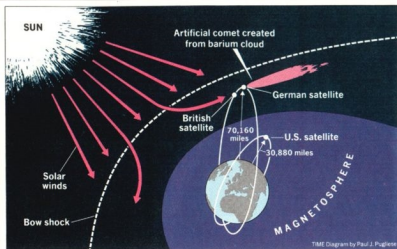
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Science



A Comet Comes for Christmas

Three satellites will present a show of lights

Early on Christmas morning, just before the faintest glimmerings of dawn over the Pacific, a group of scientists from the U.S., West Germany and Britain will begin their holiday celebrations by monitoring a unique experiment: the creation of the first man-made comet. A satellite orbiting some 70,000 miles above earth will release four canisters containing about 90 lbs. of barium and copper powder, worth \$240,000. The powder will swell into a gaseous cloud 100 miles across that will glow pale yellow-green and then a dusky purple; as it expands, the cloud will grow a comet's classic tail.

The precise shape and behavior of the comet will give scientists insights into an array of physics problems, particularly some of the interactions between the sun and the earth. The release is part of a

study of the magnetosphere, the powerful magnetic bubble that surrounds the earth; of the solar wind, the stream of supersonic particles that blows from the sun out to the planets; and of the bow-shock region, which lies between them. Aware of the comet's seasonal significance, NASA, one of the mission's main participants, has only too happily dubbed the performance the "Christmas comet." Sadly, the spectacle will be visible only to those living roughly west of St. Louis to Hawaii, from Canada down to northern Mexico, and then only for about ten minutes, beginning at 4:18 a.m. Pacific Standard Time.

Collectively called the active magnetospheric particle tracer explorers (AMPTe), three satellites, each designed by one of the participating nations, were launched on a single Delta rocket from

Cape Canaveral in August. Since then the probes have been working together, although in different orbits, on a series of seven experiments. Space scientists must normally restrict their research to the passive observation of the heavens. AMPTe was designed to turn space into an active laboratory. "Rather than wait for chance events to happen, we decided to go out there and simulate natural conditions," says Mario Acuña, an astrophysicist with NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md.

In the first experiment, begun last fall, the satellites provided some indication that the magnetosphere presents a more solid barrier to the solar wind than had previously been believed. Soaring beyond the magnetosphere, the Christmas comet will enable scientists to study the effects of the solar wind on an object without a magnetic field. The West German satellite will release the barium, while the British craft records the progress of the comet, measuring the tail and noting how long it takes for the solar wind to disperse it. The U.S. satellite will track how much barium is able to penetrate the magnetosphere.

The three spacecraft will round off their cosmic dance in the spring of 1985, with the release of barium and lithium into the so-called magnetotail, the very edge of the earth's magnetic field. The findings could shed some light on what might happen if the earth loses its magnetic field in the future. There is evidence that the magnetic poles switch every several thousand years and in the process can lose their strength for years at a time. Without a magnetic field to protect the atmosphere, more potentially dangerous high-energy particles could reach the earth. There is a need, says Acuña, "to better understand what would happen if the magnetosphere disappeared."

—By Natalie Angier.
Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington

All Eyes on Halley's

Swinging within about 55 million miles of the sun every 76 years, Halley's comet has been an object of awe since what may have been the first reported sighting, by Chinese astronomers in 240 B.C. But when this cosmic snowball of ice and dust—with a nucleus between 3 and 6 miles across and a tail millions of miles long—streaks across the sky in 1986, it will be greeted for the first time by five spacecraft. In the vanguard of an international effort to study the comet, the Soviet Union recently launched two 4.5-ton unmanned space probes laden with cameras and sensors. And in an extraordinary show of East-West scientific collaboration, two U.S.-designed comet-dust analyzers are tucked aboard the Soviet vessels. Named *Vega 1* and

Vega 2, after the first letters from the Russian words for Venus and Halley, the two craft are scheduled to deliver landing modules to the surface of Venus in June 1985; they will then spin off to rendezvous nine months later within 6,000 miles of Halley's.

Vega 1 and *2* will be joined by three other spacecraft. Next January, Japan will launch its MS-T5 probe, followed in July by the eleven-nation European Space Agency's spacecraft, *Giotto*, and Japan's second probe, *Planet-A*, in August. The five craft will be coordinated to analyze the comet from different distances, with the closest probe, *Giotto*, programmed to come within 300 miles.

The closeup look at Halley's is considered important because it may provide clues about the early solar system. Perhaps more notable still, the participants from all nations have promised to share their results.



The comet in 1910

Sport

Cougars: "We Are Too No. 1!"

Unblemished Brigham Young braces for the argument

If any other major college football team in the country were undefeated, Brigham Young University would probably be No. 2, which may yet be arranged. Having reduced Michigan's record to a level 6-6 in last week's stirring 24-17 Holiday Bowl, the nation's only 13-0 team, now 24 games between losses, is still no more than a referendum question. Quarterback Robbie Bosco was carried to the clubhouse after a first-quarter foul, but returned limping in the second to bobble along imperfectly and heroically.

Gallantry, however, cannot carry a debate. Several weeks ago, a television poll of ABC viewers deemed the Cougars unworthy champions by 53% to 47%. Orange Bowl contestants Oklahoma (9-1-1) and Washington (10-1), along with the presiding NBC network, count themselves on the side of the majority. The Cougars' weakness is the WAC, unfortunate shorthand for the Western Athletic Conference, which B.Y.U. has dominated for nine years. At the same time, it ought to be noted, Pitt was ranked third back when the season commenced for the Cougars in Pittsburgh, 20-14, and the WAC team no better than third in the conference, Air Force, has trimmed Notre Dame three years straight.

Sharlene Wells, a student at Brigham Young, believes, "Because we have conservative values, people underestimate us. But this is Utah's time." She is the current Miss America and finds it "refreshing there is a team that wins all of its games without getting drunk the night before." As the mythical national championship is a kind of beauty contest, a parallel here is hard to resist. Both Wells and the Cougars represent something of an alternative to scandal.

"I get that a lot, 'You were only picked because of your image,'" she says. In the opinion of more than a few experts, Florida (9-1-1) possesses the choicest livestock at the moment, but the Gators are No. 1 only on the N.C.A.A. court docket, awaiting sentencing for recruiting violations. Considering the moral depravity of this sport, it is possible that some A.P. and U.P.I. voters could be negatively influenced by B.Y.U.'s positive image, maybe just finding it hard to credit that the nation's best college football team could be a relentlessly white one in a lost time zone, far away from the big television money not to mention all the other brands of intoxication.

Where most teams speak of "return-

ing lettermen," B.Y.U. keeps statistics on "returning missionaries." The current center, Trevor Matich, has hiked to all of the big four quarterbacks: Marc Wilson, Jim McMahon, Steve Young and Bosco, the national leader in total offense. Matich has managed this by breaking up his playing career with a year and a half of



Even on one leg, Bosco is B.Y.U.'s M.V.P.

They don't get drunk; they do get married.

Mormon preaching in Mexico. "When you see kids in adobe houses twelve to a room," he says, "you don't care so much about who's No. 1."

There are 52 missionaries in the football program now, and Bosco's likeliest successor is off recommending love in South Africa, a considerable irony, since exactly 36 blacks are counted among B.Y.U.'s 26,000 students, and seven are members of the football team. They are outnumbered by Polynesians. "Our recruiting is not predicated on black or white, Mormon or non-Mormon," insists LaVell Edwards, 54, the Mormon coach, "but on life-style, people who can appreciate our environment." Every student (98% of the student body is Mormon, 67% of the football team) takes an oath to abstain from alcohol, tobacco, coffee, tea and pre-marital sex. Not surprising, B.Y.U. is probably the most married college football team in history, counting

some 30 happy unions. The Cougars' most talented pass receiver, Glen Kozlowski, has two children, and he's a junior.

"Three years ago, if anyone had mentioned national championship," says Kozlowski, "I would have laughed and told them, 'I'm going to Provo because there's great skiing.'" Is that truly the reason? "It was a factor." If Coach Edwards' brilliance is the passing game, his wisdom is treating as assets what the previous coaches in all the bleak years before 1972 considered liabilities, including snowfalls. One of 14 children who farmed the ground near where the stadium stands now, Edwards is a wit who pretends to have hay in his hair. "We come to town with a ten-dollar bill in one pocket and the Ten Commandments in the other," he says. "And we don't break either one."

Even the coach's sophomore son Jim, who is getting married this week, excused himself for a time to spread the word in Sweden. "But the coach never urges even the best players not to go," young Edwards says admiringly. "And when you find out that he thinks spirituality is more important than football, that's when you get perspective. Some players return and just don't want to play games any more, but the ones who do are a little older and a little more mature." The average age on the team is 22.

The Cougars have led the country in passing seven of the past nine years. For all of their quarterback backs with professional skills—going back to Virgil Carter in the '60s—no receivers have been similarly distinguished. The Raiders' tight end Todd Christensen was a fullback at B.Y.U. Bosco says, "We don't get the top recruits, the fastest receivers, but the ones we get are smart. They do what they're told. They don't ad-lib." This season they have managed to catch his passes for 35 touchdowns and more than 4,000 yds., including 343 yds. against Michigan.

Before the game, Wolverines Coach Bo Schembechler pursued his own lilted syllogism through the great dismal swamp: "When you're unranked, if you get the opportunity to beat the champion and you do beat the champion, you're the champion, right?" Trailing in first-place votes by 33½ to 16½, but by only eight points overall, Oklahoma has been trying to mesmerize the A.P.'s college of writers the same way. U.P.I.'s list, the coaches' poll, is another matter. They know what it means to be undefeated. This season Oklahoma had its Kansas, South Carolina had its Navy, Nebraska had its Syracuse. Comparative schedules be damned. B.Y.U. had those kind too, and won them all.

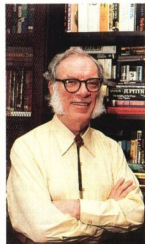
—By Tom Callahan

People



Season's reading: O'Neill with Williams and the Boston Pops

'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the House, not a motion was stirring... But that did not stop Speaker **Tip O'Neill**, 72, from mounting the podium. The venerable Democrat journeyed to his home state last week to narrate *A Visit from St. Nicholas* with the Boston Pops. Although O'Neill had rehearsed with the orchestra only once, neither he nor Conductor **John Williams** missed a beat, even when the audience interrupted the narrative with laughter and applause whenever O'Neill's eyebrows started moving *con brio*. Afterward the Speaker confessed that he had a private rehearsal at home, with his grandchildren prompting "Pop-Pop" whenever he flubbed a line. "It's been 30 years since I've read the poem," he twinkled in



Asimov with opuses



In search of excellence: Seymour chairs a meeting in *Head Office*

his best jolly-old-elf style. Is O'Neill perchance contemplating a stage career when he retires in 1986? "Naw," says the Speaker, "I think I'll just do a little teaching."

The 1985 *Guinness Book of World Records* lists him as America's most prolific author. For the time being, **Isaac Asimov** is in no danger of losing his title. The Russian-born writer was in New York City last week to celebrate the publication of his 300th volume, named, appropriately enough, *Opus 300*. An anthology of his previous 99, the tome covers a galaxy of topics, including the Moral Majority, mysteries, robots, computers, astronomy, physics, genetics, and erotic limericks, to name just a few. Asimov, 64, is happy

to share the secret of his industry: "The process of writing is fun. This is all I ask." Will there be an *Opus 400*? He hopes so, but adds, "I might be 80 by then, and at 80 I'll be too old to get into any trouble—or write about it."

Actress **Jane Seymour** has made a career out of portraying sexy, scheming ladies. Seymour, 33, played the *femme fatale* in both the TV mini-series *East of Eden* and the small-screen version of *The Sun Also Rises*. In her new film, *Head Office*, she is again true to form—this time in the board-



Godzilla: colossal comeback

into Tokyo Bay, the humongous lizard with the hot temper is back in a new movie. *Godzilla*, which has scared up big receipts since it opened in Japan earlier this month, is No. 16 in the series that began in 1954 and has become a late-night TV immortal. In his latest star turn, *Godzilla*, 30, once again stomps on the Ginza and bites the bullet train, but the plot has been updated for 1984 audiences. "The first film dealt with nature's revenge against man," explains Producer Tomoyuki Tanaka. "This time, the sense of nuclear danger is stronger, and the question raised is how to handle nuclear weapons. That is the message, which we tried to make as entertaining as possible." Beware: *Godzilla* may reach U.S. theaters next year.

—By **Guy D. Garcia**

On the Record

Anne Richardson, on her husband Elliot Richardson, who has served as Secretary of Defense, Attorney General and Secretary of Commerce: "Once you've been married to one Cabinet Secretary, you've married them all."

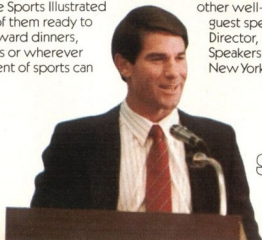
Barbara Walters, on Mr. Right: "I sort of like businessmen. I like the waters to run still and deep. Men with 'wounded wings' don't appeal to me. Power and wounded, that would appeal to me. But if he's just wounded, I'd say goodbye."

It all begins with a volcano erupting violently as a Japanese vessel is tossed on a stormy sea. Next morning the lone survivor's ghastly vision of the night before could only mean one thing: **Godzilla!** Nine years after he last skulked off



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